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Just when life was beginning to be fun...pimples came and spoilt it all

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Vol. 17 APRIL 1987 No. 10

* A valuable legend of India, a humorous tale told through pictures, queries from readers answered not only in LET US KNOW, but also in the section TOWARDS BETTER ENGLISH plus a bunch of interesting stories and other regular features.



घातयितुमेव नीचः परकाय वेति न प्रसाधयितुम् ।
पातयितुमस्ति शक्तिव्योवृक्षं न चोन्नमितुम् ॥

*Ghātayitumeva nīcaḥ parakāryam vetti na prasādhayitum
Pātayitumasti śaktirvāyovrksam na connamitum*

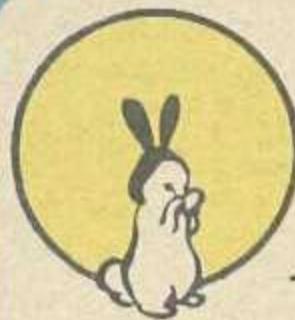
Like an evil wind that can only uproot a tree but can never raise one, the petty-minded men know how to harm others' interests, never to promote them.

The Panchatantram

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Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI
Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

THE LAST LESSON FROM A TEACHER

The morning was bright over Nawanshahar town in Punjab on the 16th February. The state, no doubt, is passing through bad times. Even then the active and dutiful masses went about their work in the normal way.

Suddenly was heard a terrific crash. A 90-year-old building collapsed. It housed a school. There were cries of horror and of agony. A teacher in his twenties, Malkiar Singh, saw yet another wall about to collapse. He dived into the falling bricks and lifted and brought to safety not one but nine kids one after another. He was making yet another dive to see if there was still a child left in that room when the wall finally came down and a huge beam crushed Malkiar Singh to death.

The last lesson this humble teacher taught us was a lesson in courage and sacrifice. A man like him is the pride not only of the entire class of teachers, but also of the country. This noble teacher who saved the innocent souls represents the true spirit of Punjab, not the terrorists who murder the innocent souls.

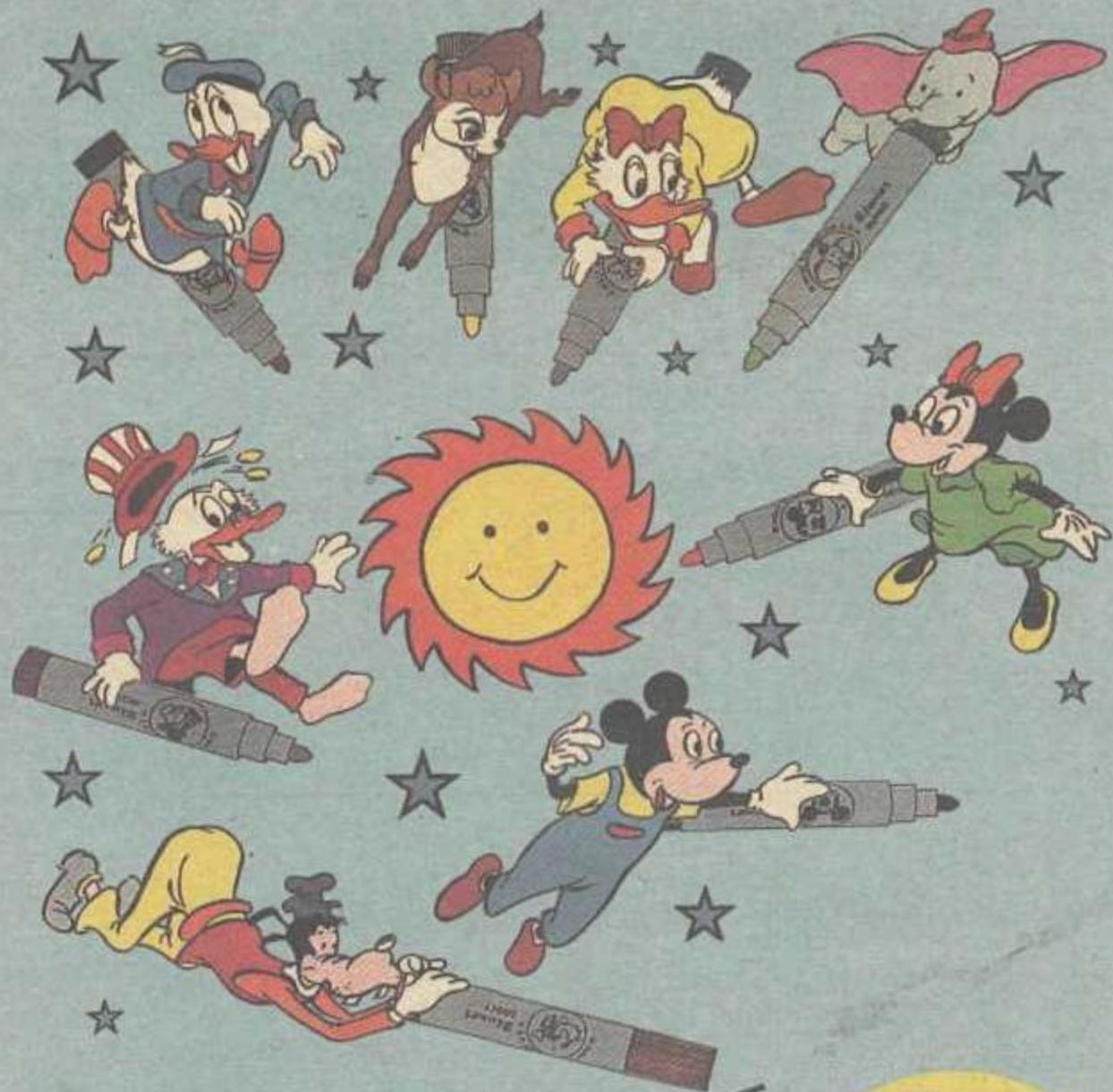
Thoughts to be Treasured

Wherever there are wars, wherever you are confronted with an opponent, conquer him with love.

—Mahatma Gandhi.



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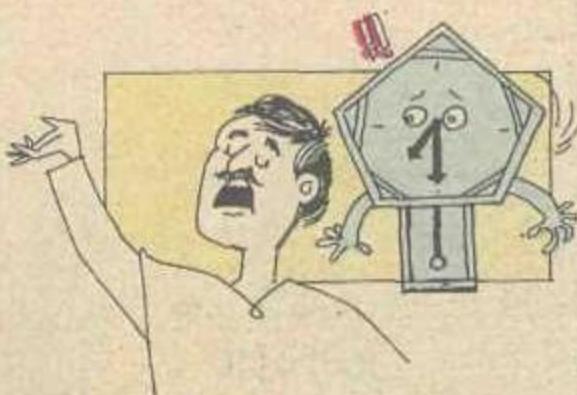


A TRAIN IN THE AIR?

Between the domestic and the international airports in Bombay there may soon be introduced a flying 200-seater train which will 'fly' by manipulation of magnetic power.

THE NEW LAKE MONSTER

You must have heard of the Loch Ness Monster of Scotland. Tourists are now thronging a remote lake in the Altai mountains of China since news of a monster gobbling up horses spread. Scientists say that the monster is an unusually large red salmon.



THE CHAMPION TALKER

A world record in non-stop talking was established when Jayaraman (Age 57) of Cuddalore continued talking for 165 hours at a stretch.

CENTENARIANS

There are 1,851 centenarians in Japan. During this year the Centenarian population will touch 2,000. The oldest woman in Japan is aged 110, born in April 1876.



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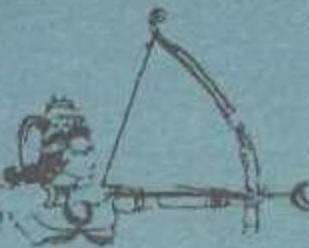
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STORY OF

RAMA



—By Manoj Das

(Story so far: On Rama's behalf, the Vanara King Sugriva sends search parties in different directions to find Sita. The group led by Angada learn of Ravana's whereabouts. Hanuman, who was in the group, took a mighty leap to reach Lanka.)

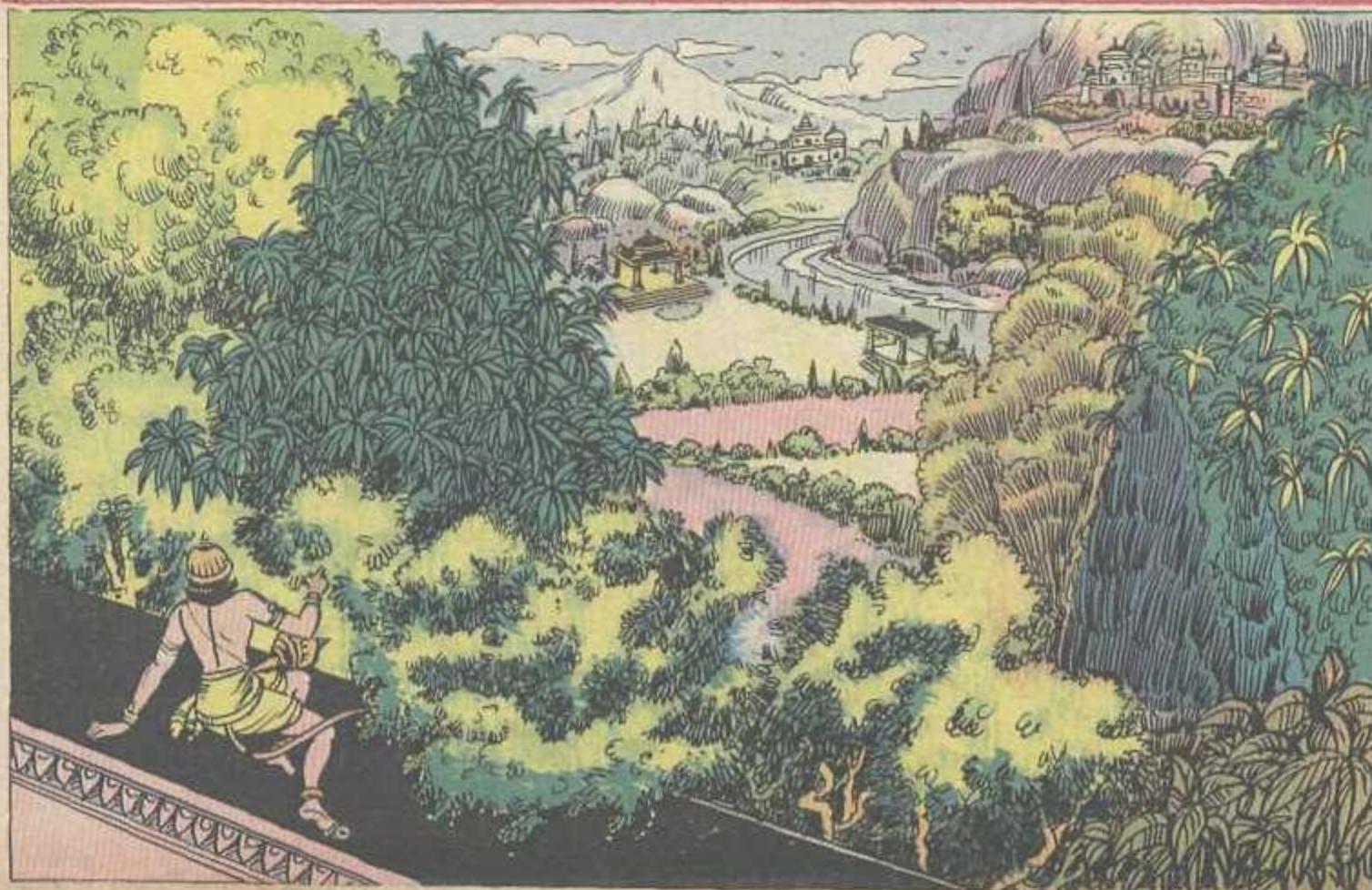
TURMOIL IN LANKA—1

Hanuman now reduced himself to the size of a cat and wandered along the beach, below the walls surrounding the demon-King's great fort. For a moment he felt depressed. The huge walls and the cloud-kissing towers appeared to be impenetrable by any army.

"But at the moment it is not my business to think of invading

the fort. I should find out where Sita is," he told himself and shook off his despondence.

It was a moonlit night. He crossed the gate quietly and was deeply impressed by the splendid style in which the gardens and orchards and lakes were laid out. A golden moon made them look just glorious! Only if the dwellers of the fort were as



decent as their dwelling!

"Stop, you intruder!"

Hanuman looked at the source of the angry growl. A tall female figure came rushing upon him. She certainly looked better than any ordinary demoness, but surprise and fury made her look fearful.

"Who are you? How dare you enter the fort?" she demanded of Hanuman. "Do you wish to be crushed?" she added.

"I am just curious about the fort and wish to see it. May I ask who are you to threaten me?" asked Hanuman in his turn.

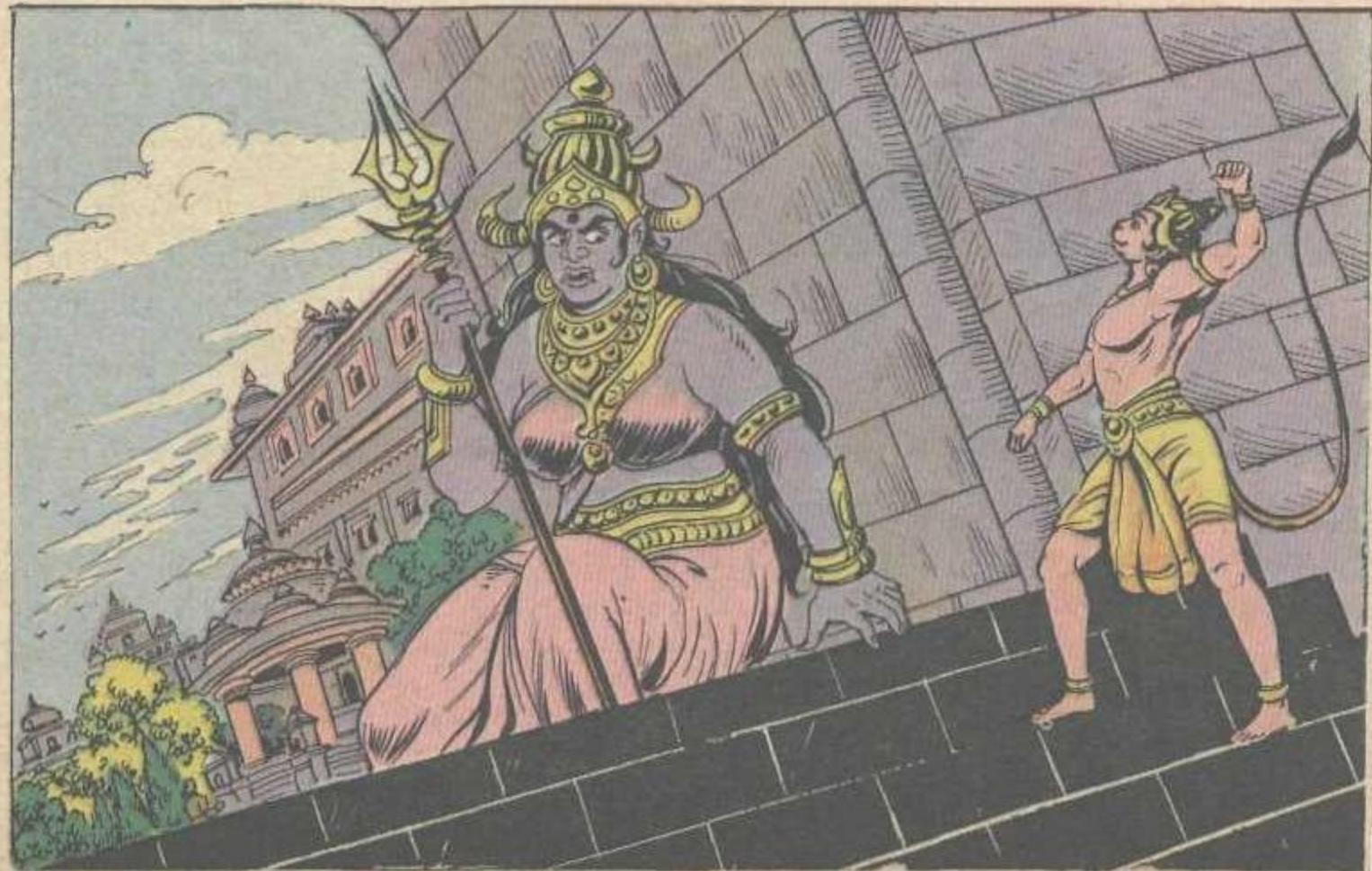
"What audacity! What impudence!! You desire to know who

am I; do you? Well, for your information, I'm the protectress of this fort, Lankini. And here is a taste of what happens when one tries to bypass me," said Lankini as she slapped Hanuman hard.

Hanuman raised his right hand, but he withdrew it, sure that it will be too much for Lankini who, after all, was doing her duty. He gave a rather soft blow to her with the fist of his left hand.

Lankini lost her balance, reeled and staggered and stumbled! When she managed to get up, she was a different person.

"Pardon me, O mighty one. I



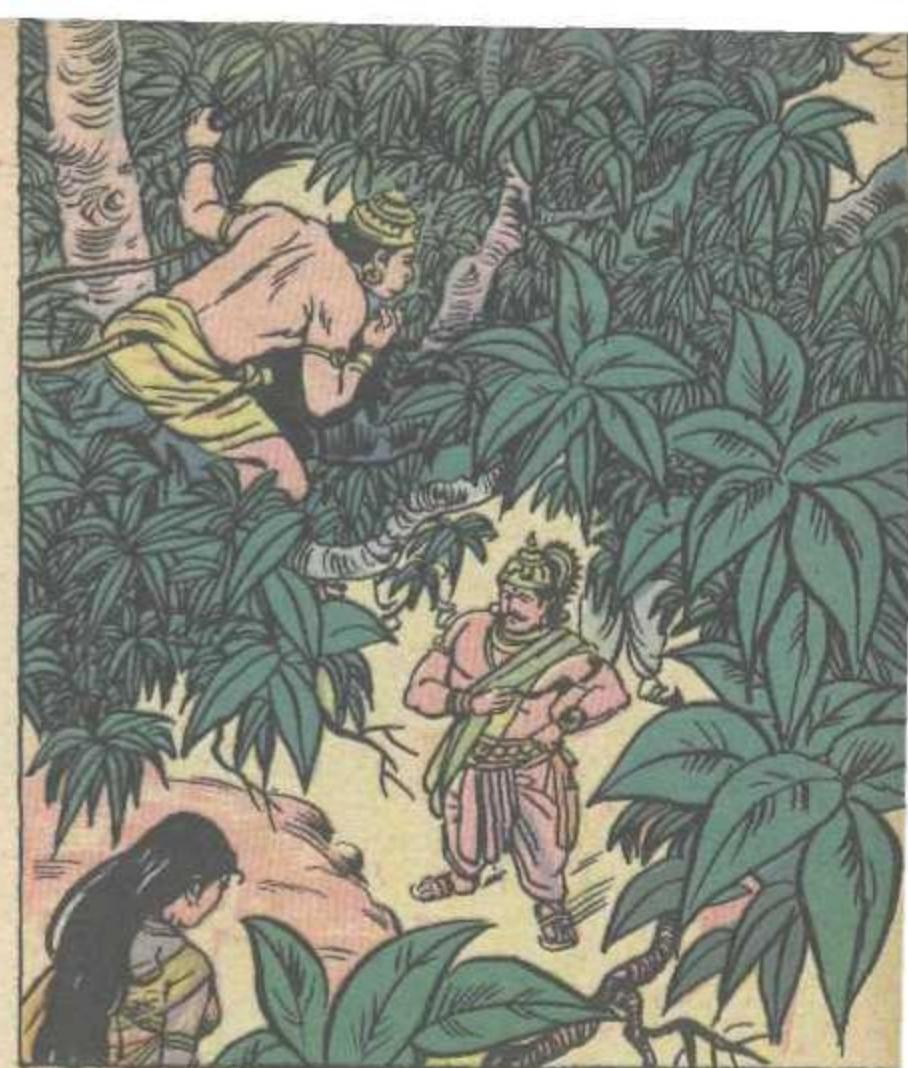
had been informed by a prophecy that the day a Vanara defeats me, would be the day leading to Lanka's doom. Pass, please!" she said, greeting Hanuman. She then stepped aside.

Hanuman advanced. He passed through rows of splendidly maintained elephants and horses, peeping into rooms and halls in which demons talked merrily and drank. He was amazed to see the richness of Lanka as reflected on the gold-gilded walls, gem-studded doors and magnificent sculptures.

He stopped before the most beautiful castle. That was bound to be Ravana's residence. He entered it and walked the corridors between gorgeously decorated rooms. They were occupied by beautiful ladies kidnapped from royal houses or from the domain of the Gundharvas.

In several rooms lay scattered half-eaten or ignored dishes of items of meat and colourful jars of drink.

He peeped into the best of the rooms and saw Ravana asleep on a bejewelled bedstead, surrounded by damsels lying on the floor. On another bed lay his queen, adorned with ornaments.



Hanuman wondered looking at that beautiful lady: Could she be Sita? She could not be, he concluded very soon. She would not care to decorate herself in this fashion to please Ravana. Sita must be found elsewhere; Sita must be different.

Or, could it be that she had been killed by the lusty demon? Could it be that she had taken her own life in order to avoid humiliation?

The thought filled Hanuman's heart with great anguish. "How to report to Rama the failure of my mission? Better for me to die than to show my face to Angada, Sugriva and others

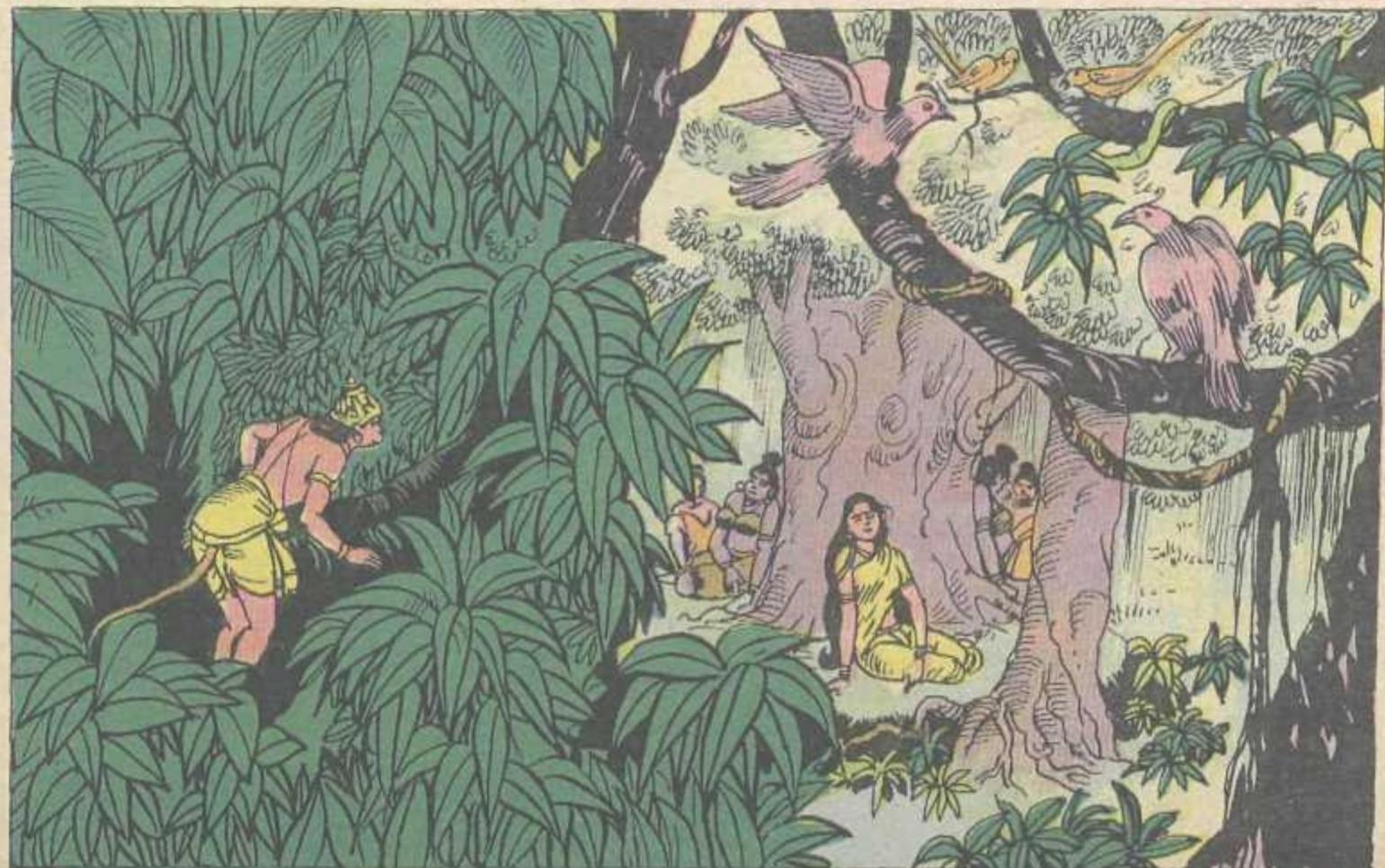
who are waiting for me with great expectations.

Suddenly his heart was filled with a different emotion. "The very thought of suicide is cowardice. I can do something good only if I continue to live," he told himself as he came out of the castle. "Or, if die I should, I should first ensure death for the wicked Ravana, the cause of Rama's suffering."

Moon shone over a charming garden dominated by Ashoka trees. The atmosphere inside the castle had choked him. He hopped onto the garden wall and then onto a tree to enjoy some fresh air.

What should he see but a young lady of indescribable beauty and dignity sitting on a golden platform at the foot of the very tree he had climbed. She looked like a flame enveloped in smoke, like a most delicate monument in ruins. Hanuman at once knew that she could be none other than Sita. Who else could look so divine?

She was surrounded by demonesses of various fearful shapes. One had her nose on her head; another had only one eye and one ear; one had a throat as long as a serpent; another had skin that was as hairy as a blanket; one had the



face of a tigress, another had that of a pig. Some of them were dozing, some were young and some were humming tunes to themselves.

Dawn was not far. To his shock, Hanuman saw Ravana approaching Sita, followed by maids holding golden lamps and more maids fanning him. The clothes he wore looked as tender as nectar's foam.

The demonesses guarding the captive beauty stood up in fear and a show of respect.

Hanuman rose to the top of the tree and hid himself in the bushy branches and saw what was going on below.

"Lady! I'm sure, the supreme creator stopped experimenting with beauty after she made you. Don't you think that you deserve the greatest hero, that is I, for your husband? Why do you waste your time and mine brooding over this simple question?" Ravana asked trying to sound persuasive. "Your husband Rama, a mere human being, will never even know where you are, what to speak of his ever being able to rescue you!" he added proudly.

"Listen to me, you demon! Your desire will never be fulfil-



led. You're being stupid. I'm afraid, there is no one in Lanka to drive some good sense into your wretched mind. Unless you realise your folly and regret it, you are destined to meet your end in the hands of my noble husband!" said Sita in a firm tone.

Ravana trembled with anger. "I give you two months to change your mind. If you are found to be foolish like this at the end of the period, you will be served for my breakfast!" he screamed and went away, instructing the demonesses in charge of guarding Sita to do their best to persuade her to

marry him.

The demonesses began to talk to her immediately. They knew no language but that of threat. When Sita did not respond to their nasty words, they said, "We'll eat you dividing your limbs among ourselves!"

"Better you eat one another!" unexpectedly said one of them who had just woken up from her sleep.

All were surprised. "What do you mean, Trijata?" they asked.

"I've had an ominous dream," said Trijata. I saw Rama riding an elephant as big as a mountain. Sita, seated close to him, was trying to touch the stars in the sky! And what about Ravana? Shorn of hair, he was dressed in black and he drank oil! I saw him once laughing like a lunatic and another time rid-

ing an ass, naked. A woman clad in red threw a noose round his neck and dragged him away!"

Trijata paused and said in conclusion, "Let us fall at Sita's feet and beg of her to forgive us! My dream only means that Ravana's fall is approaching. Rama will triumph!"

All fell silent and looked pensive. Sita alone looked bright.

Hanuman eagerly waited for the demonesses to slacken their vigil on Sita. Soon the moment came when some of them went away and the rest dozed off.

Hanuman knew that his sudden appearance might frighten Sita. He decided upon a wise course of action. Slowly he began singing the name of Rama.

Surprised, Sita looked up.

—To continue



THE MAN WHO WENT FORWARD

Long long ago in a small village lived a poor man named Haridas. He earned his living by toiling daily in the fields or households of the wealthy.

But there were not many wealthy people in the locality and they had no enough work to offer him every day.

For three days he had no work. He, his wife and children were almost starving. "Let me go into the forest. Maybe I will find some edible fruits or roots," he thought and he

walked into the forest.

After some searching he found some ripe juicy guavas hanging from a tree. He was delighted. He climbed the tree and plucked them. "This should carry us through this day," he thought as he climbed down.

He had just started on his return journey when he saw an old hermit seated under a tree. The old man looked so emaciated that Haridas was sure he had not eaten for many days. "I can give him my share of the



guavas. I can pull on for yet another day without any food," he thought and he quietly left a few guavas before the hermit.

The hermit opened his eyes and smiled. Haridas prostrated himself to the hermit. "This is my humble offering to you, Sir," he said. "I wish I could give you something more worthy. But I'm so poor!"

The hermit smiled again, but said nothing.

"Sir, give me a word of advice before I leave. I'll like to hear your voice," said Haridas.

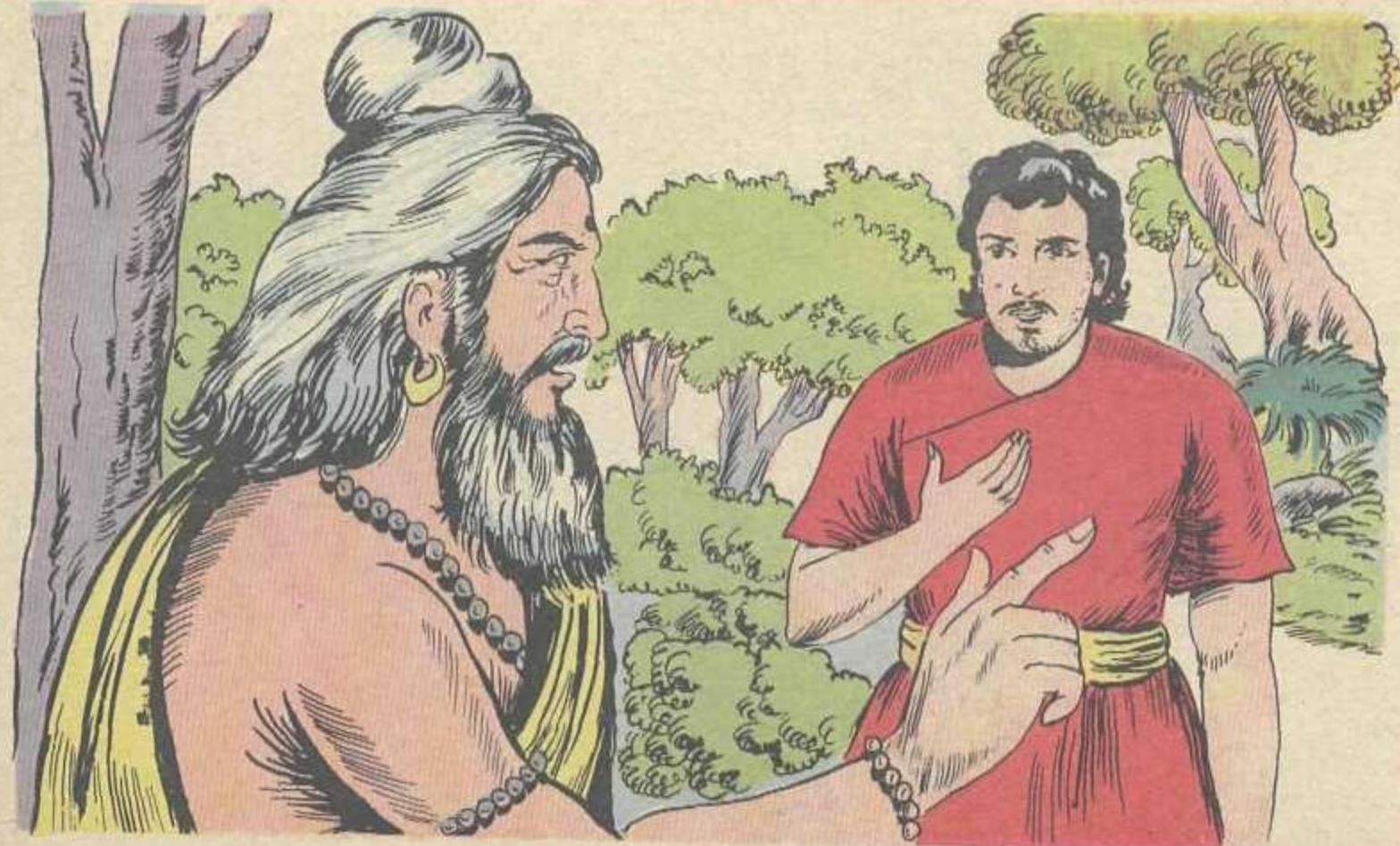
"Go forward, my boy!" said the hermit and he closed his eyes.

Haridas decided to act as advised. He stood up and began walking forward. He had not gone far when he found a chunk of silver lying before him. He picked it up and straight went to the bazar. He sold it and returned home with a bagful of rice, vegetables, sweets and some cash.

Next day he went into the forest with better offerings for the hermit. But the old man was not to be seen.

Suddenly Haridas thought, "The hermit had asked me to go forward. He had not told me how far! Let me go farther."

He started walking. In a de-



nse part of the forest he saw a chunk of gold. He returned home, delighted. He sold it in the town for a good price. He constructed a house, bought lands and opened a shop in the village.

He prospered. Years passed. Suddenly one day he thought, "Why should I not go still farther?"

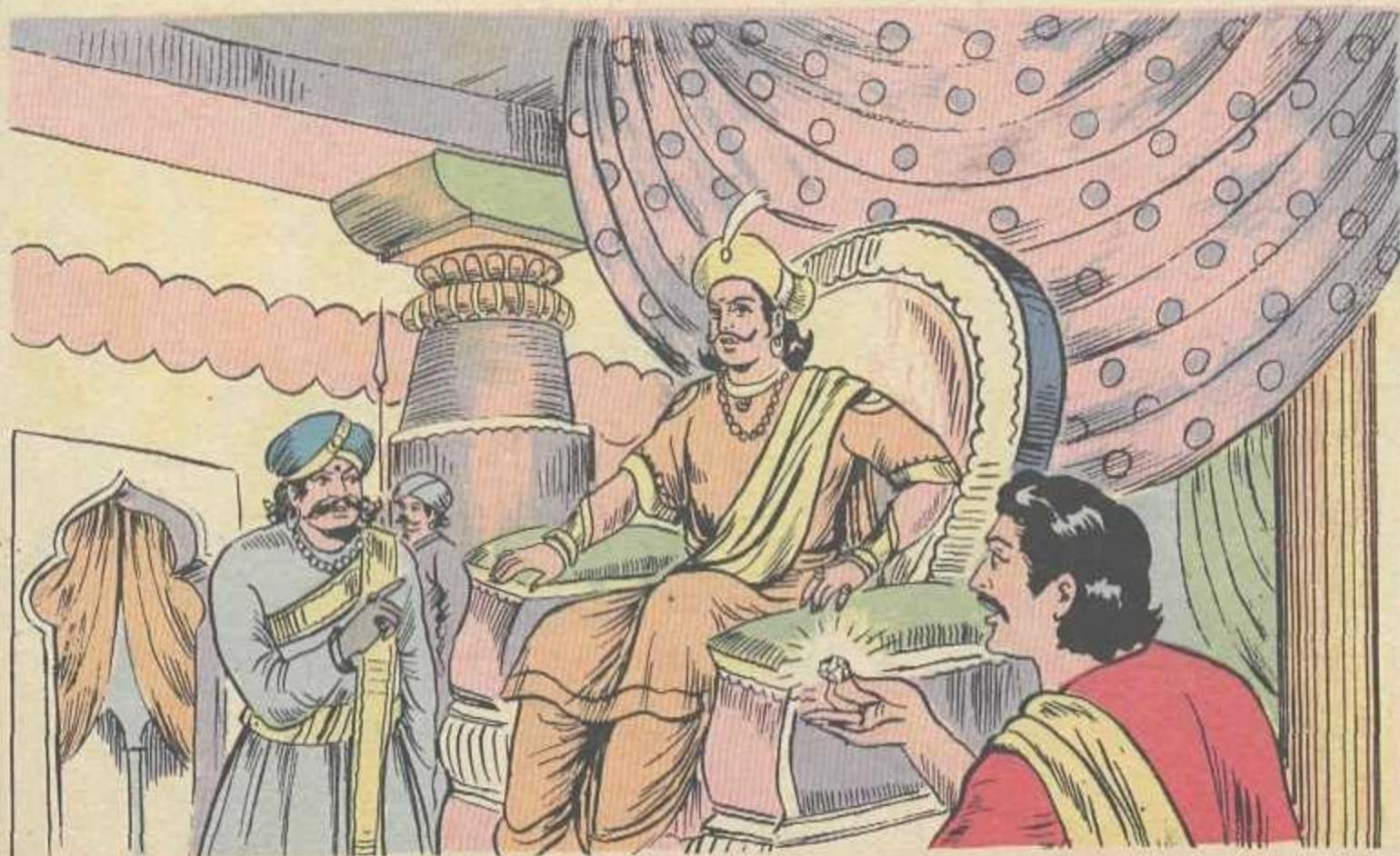
He began walking into the forest and passed the spot where he had got the bar of silver and the spot where he had got the bar of gold.

Suddenly what should he see but a piece of diamond lying before him. He carried it to the

King. Experts said that such a valuable diamond was not there either in the royal collection or among the queen's ornaments. The King bought it. The King also found Haridas to be a good man. He asked him to meet him from time to time.

Familiarity with the King brought Haridas prestige in the society. After a year the King made him a noble in his court. By then he had become a prominent merchant and landlord. His sons managed things well.

At intervals he felt like meeting the hermit and conveying his gratefulness to him. But he never saw the old man again.



Yet another year passed. Haridas wondered why he should not go even farther forward. Next day he entered the forest once again and never stopped walking till it was evening. In fact, he had forgotten time. He had marched past the spot where he had got the diamond.

Suddenly he stumbled against a rock and realised that it was dark. He had come deep into the forest. He must find shelter somewhere.

He looked in all directions and saw a flicker of light. He advanced towards that. There was a small hut. Inside it, before a lamp, sat an old man. Haridas tiptoed in and knelt down and gazed into his face. Yes, he was the hermit he had met some twenty years ago. The hermit

had not changed. He had given him the key-word that brought him prosperity, but himself continued to dwell in a hut. Why? One who could lead others to prosperity could have prospered himself if he wished to!

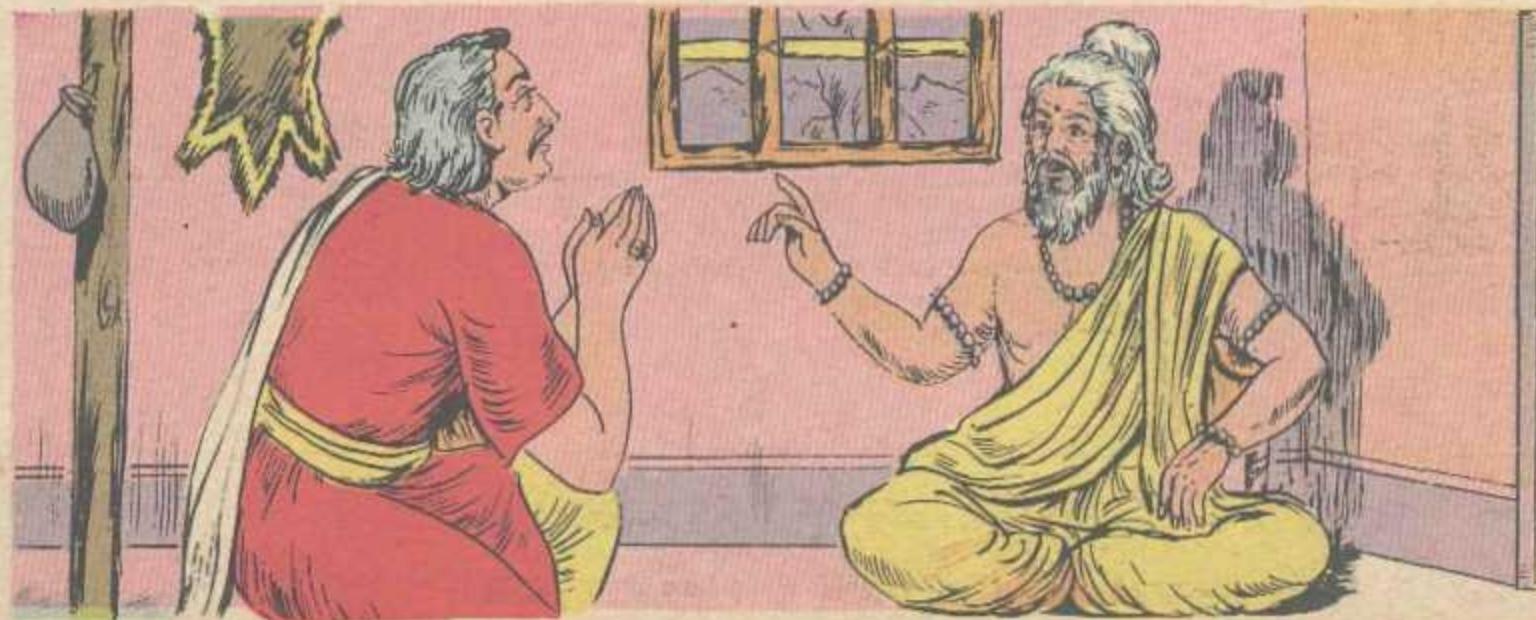
Haridas asked himself this question while he continued gazing at the hermit's face. The hermit opened his eyes and smiled. Haridas suddenly seemed to have found the answer to his question.

"What do you want now?" asked the hermit.

"Master! Give me the prosperity you have got!"

"Why not. You have never stopped to continue in marching forward!" said the hermit.

Haridas was not seen in the locality or in the royal court thereafter.



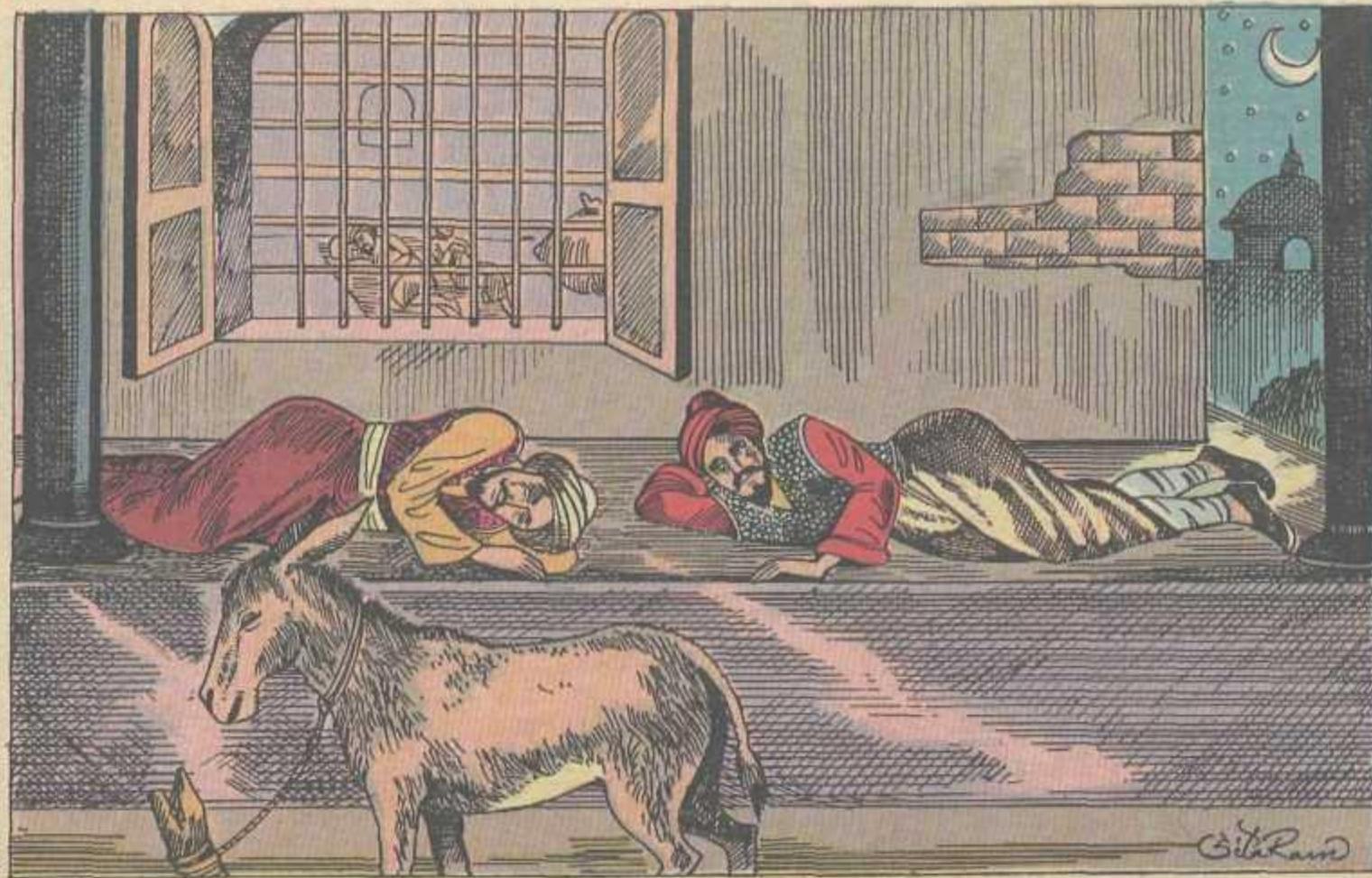
A DREAM AT MIDNIGHT

Never speak a word unless necessary and never act in anger!" said the village chief to his young companion. Both were on their way to the town and the chief was very fond of giving advice to others.

They halted at an inn. It was evening and they decided to spend their night there. The ass which carried the chief's luggage was tied to a pole in front of the inn and the two booked a room for them.

The young man observed two persons of doubtful appearance lying on the verandah in front of their room. They were peeping into the room again and again. The young man observed that their eyes were always focused on the chief's luggage.

After partaking of their dinner the chief and the young man went to sleep. At midnight the chief awakened the young man and said, "Listen to me. I dreamt a very valuable dream!"



The young man sat up and squeezed his sleepy eyes and blinked at him.

"Do you remember that palm tree beside the inn? I dreamt that in a pit near it lies a bagful of gold. Do you know what I propose to do?" asked the chief.

"No Sir!"

"Then you are a fool. I must pick up that bag and carry it away. It is a moonlit night. We must do the needful before day-break. Now, go to sleep," said the chief.

The chief fell asleep once again, but not the young man. Looking through the window, he had seen those two fellows

listening to the chief's midnight announcement.

After half an hour the young man saw the two strangers getting up and advancing towards the palm tree. He too went out of his room and followed them, hiding behind a fence.

The two found the bag. Then one said to the other, "How do we divide it?"

"It is not safe to tarry here even for a moment. That stupid dreamer may come here any moment! Let me carry it on the horseback to the inn on the other side of the town. You come walking and meet me there. Then we can divide it



equally between us," proposed the other.

"Better I carry the bag and ride to the other inn. You come walking," said the first one.

"No. You may be possessed by Satan and deceive me!" said the second one in a stern voice.

"Can't I say the same thing for you? You too may be possessed by Satan!" grumbled the first fellow.

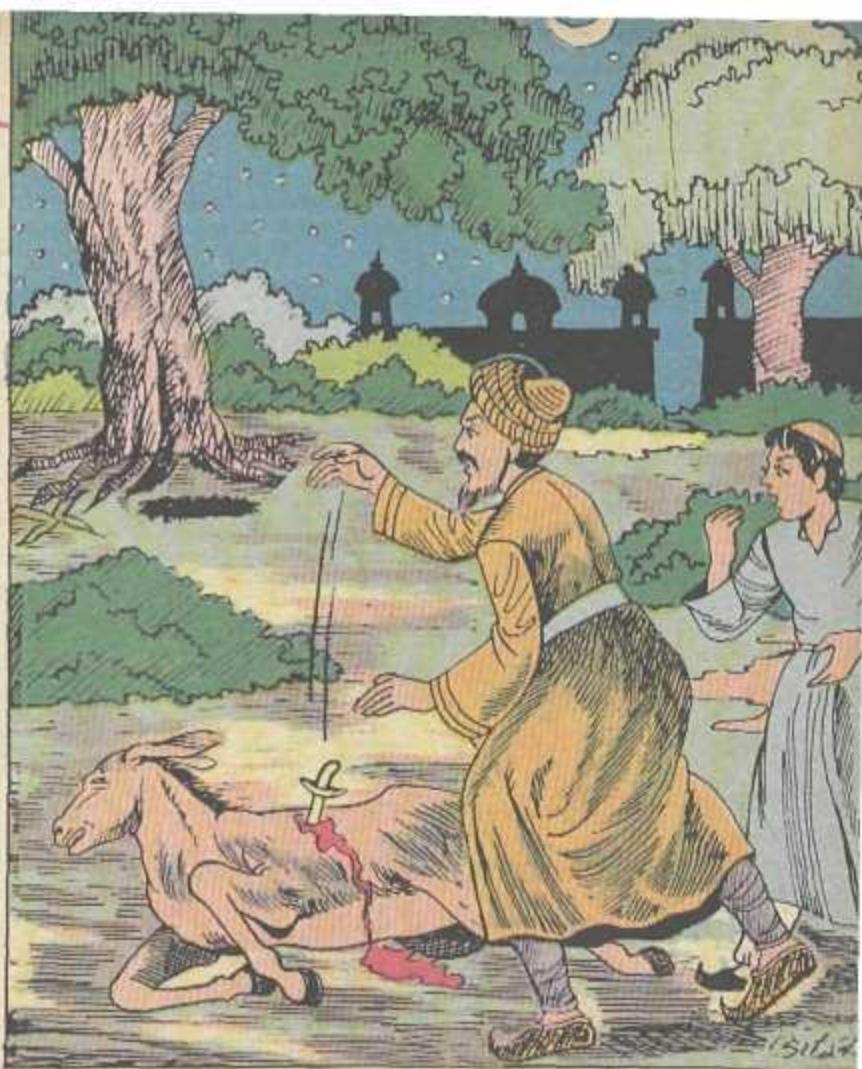
It seems the second one was already possessed by Satan. He drove his dagger into the other man's chest and threw him into the pit from which they had got the bag. He then rode away.

The young man saw all this. Fear almost crippled him. He managed to return to his room after a while.

The village chief, woke up just before the dawn. By that time the young man had fallen asleep.

"Get up, you good-for-nothing idler!" he shouted at the young man, giving him a blow.

The young man sat up. "Follow me," ordered the chief. The young man had no time to tell him that visiting the pit was of no use. The chief untied his ass and drove it towards the pit. He



was absolutely sure of getting the wealth of which he had dreamt. All that was necessary was to put it on the ass's back.

The ass suddenly stopped. The pit was still yards away. The chief got annoyed and gave his beast a push. But it won't move. The young man tried to tell him that the ass has smelt a dead body and that is the reason why it is unwilling to go farther. But the moment the young man opened his mouth, the chief commanded him to shut up!

The ass won't move however he tried. Mad with anger the chief suddenly drove his dagger into its flank. It lay dead.



Then the chief jumped into the pit. Imagine his shock when he found there a corpse instead of gold. He shrieked and jumped out and clasped the young man.

"Master, you never let me tell you what happened," said the young man and he narrated the episode to him.

"Why did you not wake me up when you saw them, picking up the bag? The bag was to be mine since I dreamt of it," said the chief.

"Sir, that would have resulted in your death, for they were bandits, or in a scuffle which would have attracted others in

the inn," calmly explained the young man.

Just then they saw three policemen coming towards the inn, dragging a fourth man along. It was already morning. They could recognise the fellow. He was the murderer of his companion.

"This fellow was riding with this bag. When he saw us, he tried to turn his horse. The horse stumbled against a rock and threw this fellow off its back. This fellow was trying to escape. But we captured him. Let us examine what this bag contains!" said the policemen.

They opened the bag. The



village chief and the young man too looked into it with great curiosity. The inn-keeper had also joined them.

It contained some ordinary stones!

"Good God! Why should this fellow try to hide this from anybody? This bag had been left on our verandah by a lunatic and I had thrown it into the pit!" said the surprised inn-keeper.

"What! Only stones? No gold? And I killed ..." the bandit stopped when he became conscious that what he was going to say could be dangerous to himself.

"Whom did you kill?" asked the policemen.

The bandit said nothing, but by then the inn-keeper's servant had found out the corpse of the bandit and that of the ass.

The police instantly bound the man they had captured with a strong rope. They were of course not bothered about the killer of the ass.

The village chief did not speak for a long time. Then he told the young man, "You did good by not calling me at night. You seem to be wise."

"No, master. I'm not wise. I only follow the advice you give me from time to time," humbly said the young man.

The chief understood how foolish he had been himself. He advised others against speaking unnecessarily, yet he spoke himself at midnight quite unnecessarily. He advised others not to act rashly, but he acted rashly himself and lost his ass! Only if he practised what he preached!

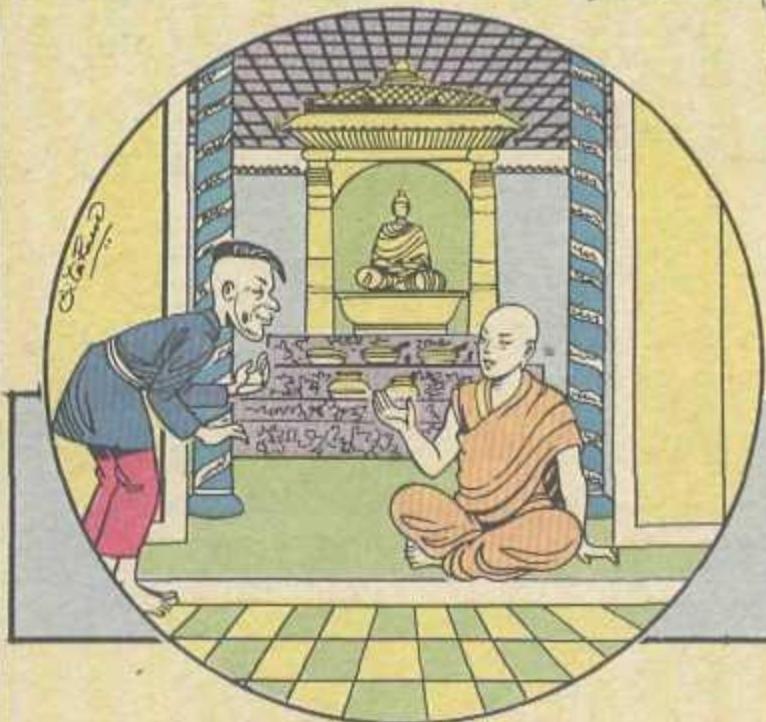
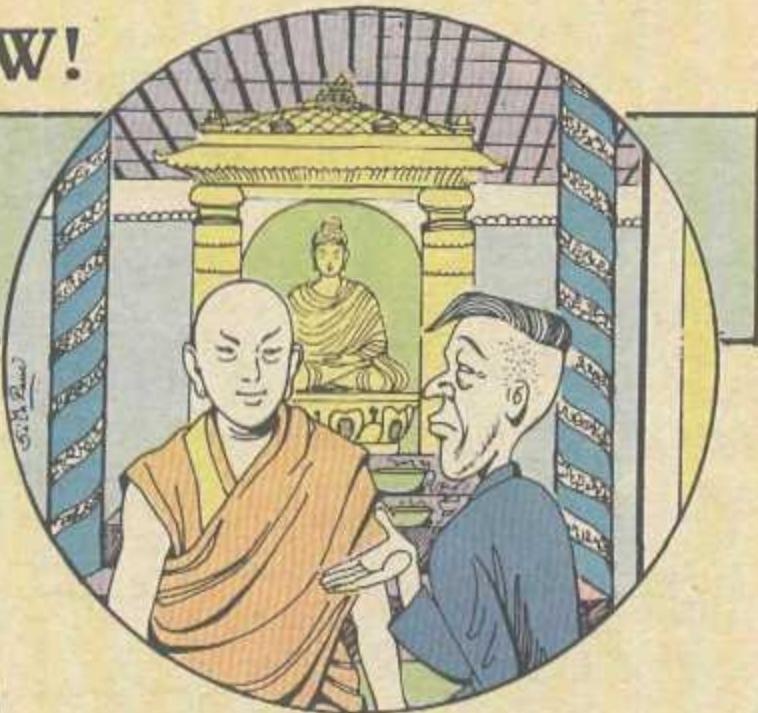
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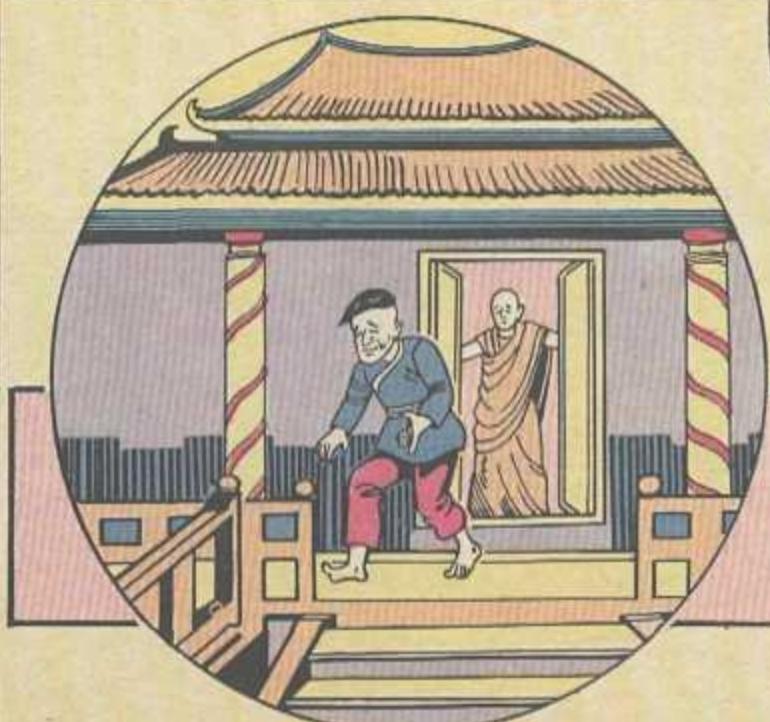
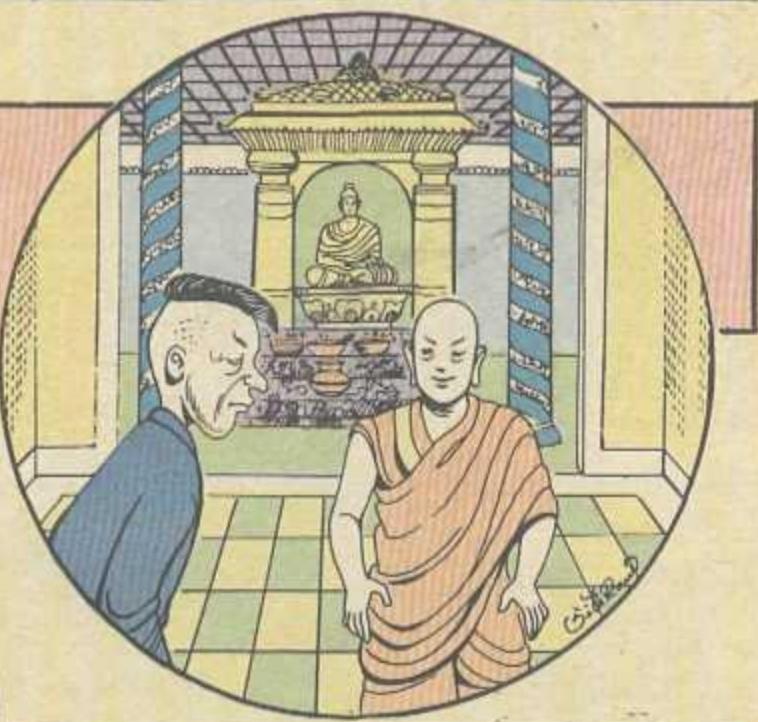
LAUGHS FROM MANY LANDS

GODS HERE KNOW!

An old miser went to a priest and asked him to pray for his victory in a litigation. "I shall offer a hundred coins to the deity if my prayer is granted," he said.



The priest sat in meditation. The old man waited. Said the priest after a while, "I have conveyed your prayer to Lord Buddha in Bodh Gaya, India."



The priest smiled and replied, "The deities in this area know you. Who among them will believe in your promise of offering?"

THE LITTLE JACKAL WHO ATE TIGERS

by DEVAPRIYO

On the banks of the river Suvarna was a good old forest named Vanpuri. Many kinds of animals lived there, but jackals formed the largest population of the forest.

Once there was a great flood in the river. Thatches, trees, beds, household utensils, cats and dogs were seen carried away by the current.

A little jackal stood shivering on a floating wood. Luckily for him the wood came ashore and

the little jackal hopped onto the land.

Some jackals of Vanpuri surrounded him and asked him from where he came. "I hail from the forest Talvan. I was standing close to the river-bank waiting for my breakfast when a chunk of earth fell into the river and I too fell along with it," said the little jackal, still shivering and almost in tears.

News soon spread that a jackal from Talvan had arrived.





More jackals came to see him. They had heard of the great forest of Talvan, but had never met any creature from that famous land.

"You must be hungry!" said a kind-hearted jackal.

"Of course, I am!" The little jackal was in tears.

The host jackals looked at one another. One of them fetched a cucumber. The little jackal ate it and felt better.

"What will you have for dinner?" asked one of the hosts.

"Rather what do you usually have for dinner?" asked a more practical jackal.

"A couple of tigers!" replied the little jackal.

"Beg your pardon?"

"A couple of tigers! One would do if I have more cucumbers or a pumpkin or a water-melon," informed the little jackal.

An awful silence followed. Embarrassment was writ large on the faces of all the jackals present.

The practical jackal coughed and said, "Hm. I understand! But do you eat the whole of a tiger—or even the whole of two tigers?"

"I used to eat the middle. My parents ate the head and the tail parts."

"Hm. I understand!" said the practical jackal. He looked at the important ones in the gathering. "Relax. We'll see about it," he said.

News had spread at great speed that the forest of Vanpuri had received a jackal who had tigers for dinner. Hundreds of jackals collected to see the guest who sat on a mound, a few important jackals of Vanpuri were talking to him pleasantly.

Soon the important ones came together in a serious meet-

ing. But they held their meeting in a manner so that all could see and hear them.

"I remember having heard about the heroic jackals living in great forests who thrive on tigers and lions. Now that one of them has descended amidst us, it is our duty to entertain him to the kind of food he relishes best," said an elderly jackal famous for his knowledge of the wide world.

"I think, this jackal has come to remind us of our glorious past, when our forefathers fed on tigers and lions and rhinoceroses. What a sorry state to which we have been reduced!" lamented another jackal who was a kind of orator.

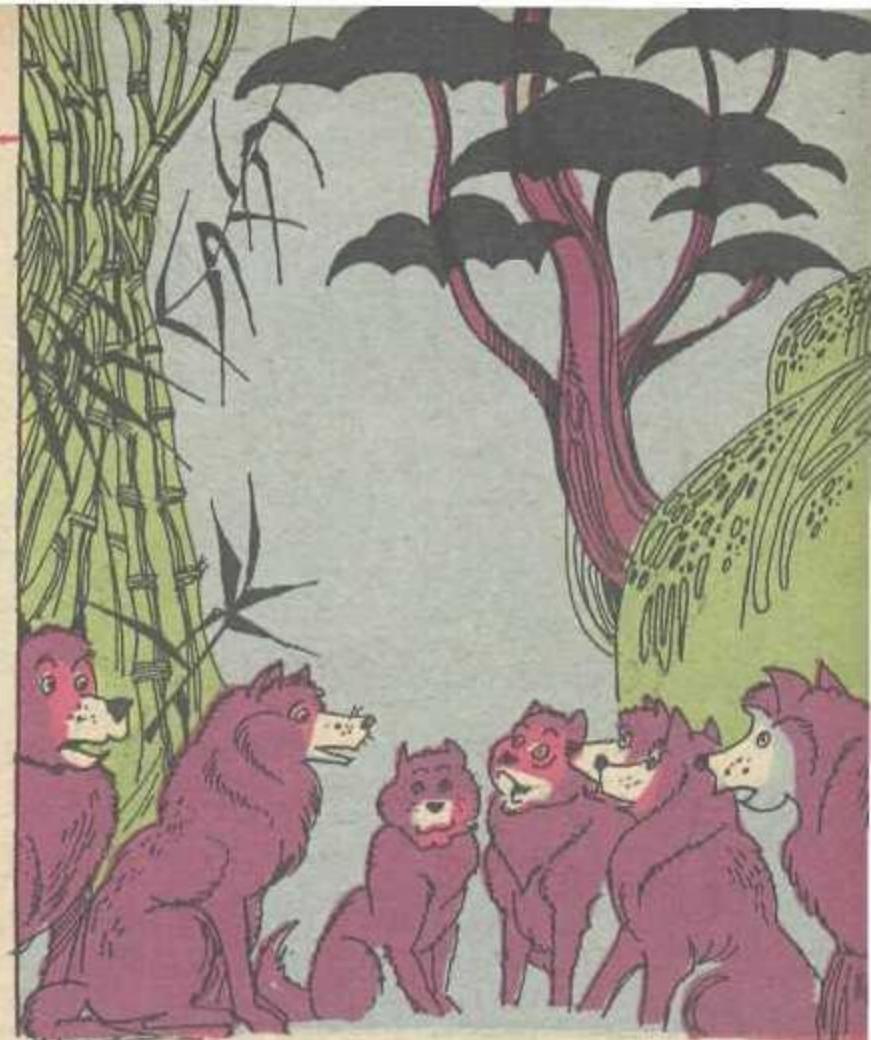
The meeting of the important jackals—the practical one, the knowledgeable one and the orator one—was still in progress when the sun set and all the jackals gave out their ceremonial howl.

Suddenly the little jackal asked, "Where is my dinner?"

Immediately some cucumbers and a fresh watermelon were produced before him.

"Where is my tiger?"

To that million dollar question there was no answer for a



moment. But then one of the important jackals said, "The fact is, the tigers are so scared of us jackals that sometimes it is difficult to find any, you know..."

"Let me try!" said the little jackal and he descended from the mound and advanced towards the river-bank. Only the extraordinarily brave and wise ones followed him with faltering steps when, all on a sudden, the little jackal pounced on something and exclaimed, "I've got one!"

"Got what?" those who were following asked him.

"A tiger, of course!" said the

little jackal. He had captured a tiny fish which had jumped onto the bank.

"Our house is close to the damp lands on the river and we catch tigers regularly when the water recedes after tide!" he said happily.

"You mean, you call these tiny shining things tigers?" one jackal sought clarification.

"What else!" said the little jackal who now paid attention to eating the thing he had got.

A laughter, begun by some most ordinary jackals swept through the forest. Only the practical jackal, the knowledgeable jackal and the orator jackal did not participate in it.

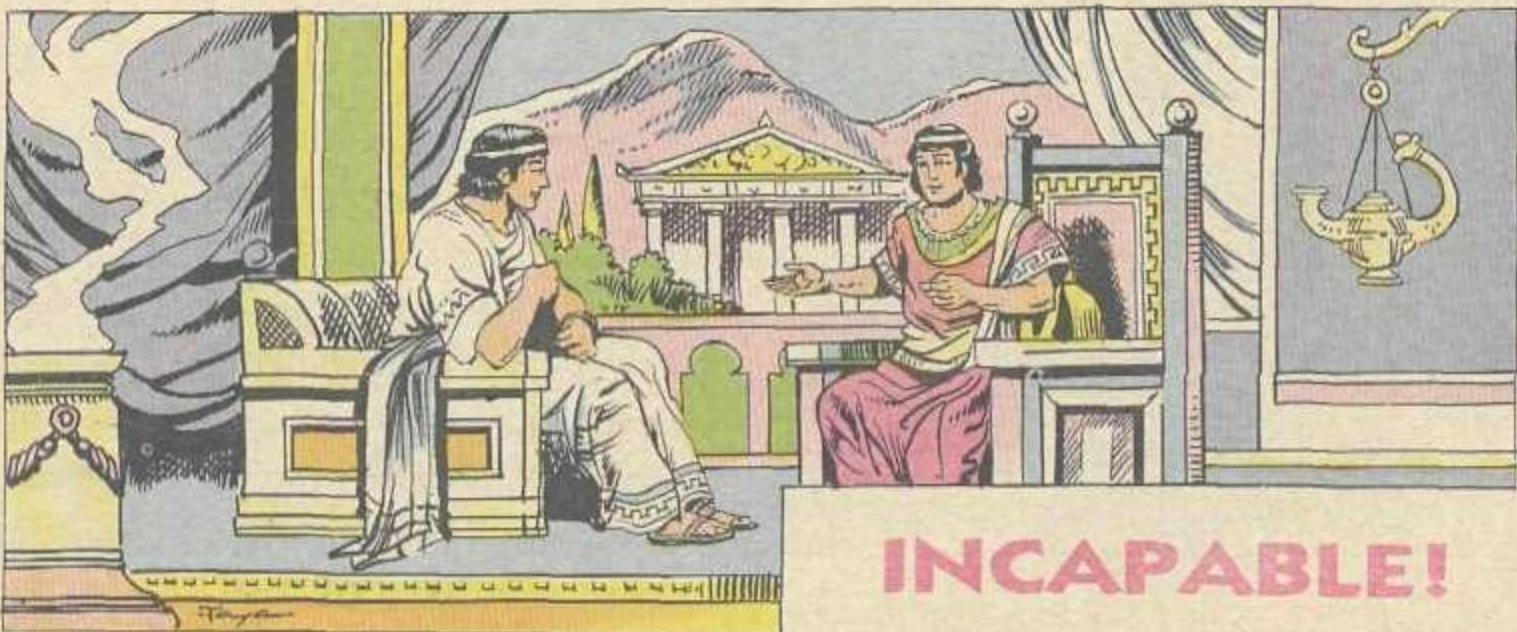
The little jackal who suddenly realised that his hosts had lost interest in him, found his way home walking along the river

one full night. But, for several days the three important jackals were not seen in daylight. However, embarrassment is not nurtured by anybody forever. One day they came out to join the howling ceremony. The knowledgeable jackal was heard saying, "Well, often the different meaning of a word in different forests create some confusion, we must admit!"

The orator said, "The fact is, brothers and sisters, the little jackal from the distant forest brought us together!"

The practical jackal too was going to say something when all the jackals began laughing and the ordinary ones said, "We know, we know. You fellows did one good thing. You made us laugh unitedly once the other day and again today!"





INCAPABLE!

My son," said a villager who was dying, "I have not been able to accumulate any wealth for you. You have to manage and prosper with the meagre property I'm leaving behind. But you have served me with great devotion. I have never spoken a lie in my life. That is why my words, at this last moment of my life, should prove true. I bless you that whatever you touch will turn into gold. That is to say, every enterprise of yours will prosper."

The son heard his father with great respect. Soon thereafter the ailing man died.

The young man performed the funeral rites of his father and then began cultivating the acre of land he had inherited. He changed it into a grapevine and his effort was a great success.

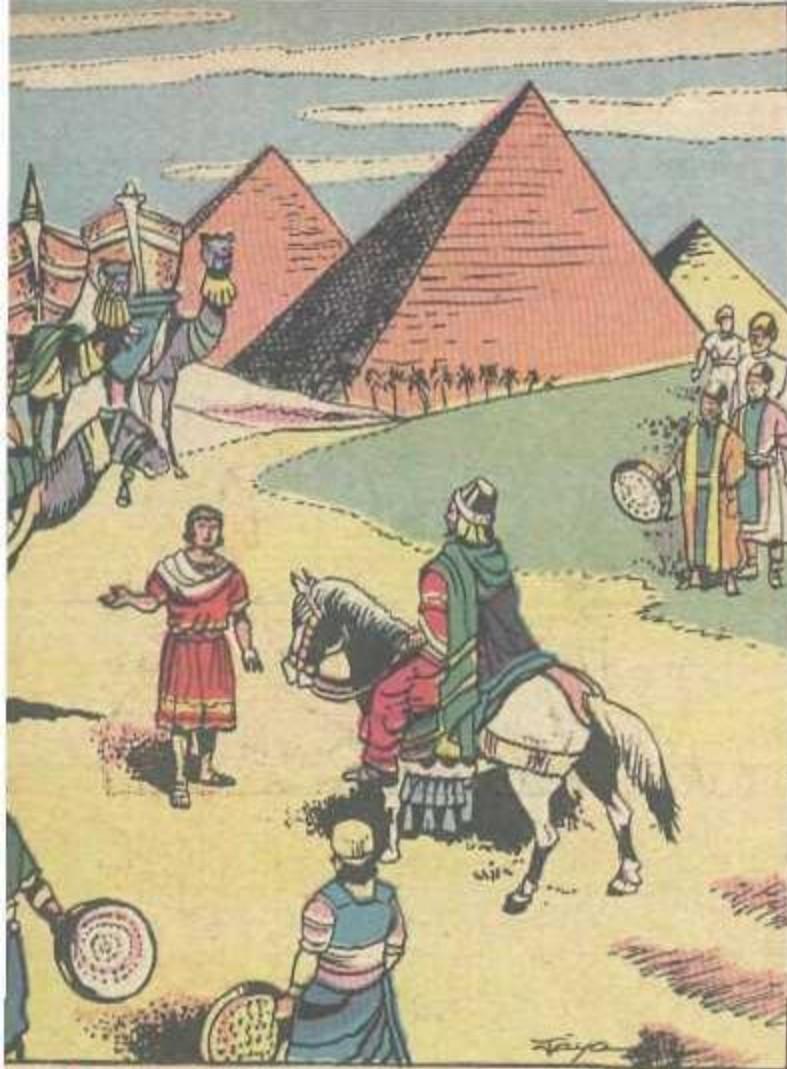
When he had a handsome profit, he invested the money in some trade. Every deal brought him the highest possible benefit. In a few years he became one of the richest men in the city. He built a mansion for himself and married in a noble family.

One day he heard a holy man saying, "Those who grow wealthy suddenly, may also become paupers suddenly!"

The statement left a touch of fear in the young man's heart. Indeed, he had grown wealthy almost overnight. What will be his condition if he suddenly loses everything?

He could not sleep that night. Next day he told a friend of his, "I have earned much more than I deserved to earn. Too much success may not be good. I wish I gave some loss in at least one of my enterprises!"





Cario.

After a few days of travel through the desert, his party approached Cario. While passing the ancient pyramids he saw the Sultan of the city coming that way. He got off his camel and greeted the Sultan.

"What are you carrying?" asked the Sultan.

"My Lord, I am carrying date palms. I propose to sell them in the city!" replied the young man.

The Sultan looked at him with surprise. Then he asked in a stern voice, "Are you joking with me? Or, have you lost all senses? Is there any dearth of date palms in Cairo that people will buy them from you? I'm afraid, you're destined to suffer huge losses."

"I wish you prove true!" said the young man wistfully.

The Sultan looked puzzled. "What!" he asked. "Do you desire to lose in your business?"

The young man frankly told him the purpose of his trip to Cairo. "My Lord! My father had blessed me saying that even sands will turn gold in my hands!" said the young man. As he said so, he picked up a handful of sands carelessly and

The friend thought for a while and then said, "It is a fact that evil forces set their eyes on a man who is always lucky. I also feel that you should fail in one of your business deals."

He thought for a while. Then his face brightened up. He said, "I've an idea. Carry date palms to Cairo! You know, that is the land of date palms. Nobody will care to buy your ware. You will lose miserably. The evil forces will be pleased. They will no longer envy you."

The idea appealed to the young man. He bought bagfuls of date palms and loaded them on camels and proceeded to





released them through his fingers. Lo and behold! What was left on his palm, after the sands had dropped, was a diamond-studded gold ring.

The Sultan looked with disbelief. Then he smiled and said, "Young man, I had lost this ring last month here in these sands. But this being a ring of good omen, I visit this place once or twice a week with the hope of recovering it. I had of course no hope of ever discovering it. But you found it for me! You're my best friend!"

The Sultan forgot about the

purpose of the young man's trip to Cairo and ordered for his date palms to be purchased at the price of silver if not gold! He led the young man to his palace and treated him like a prince and heaped valuable gifts on him.

The young man returned to his land richer than ever!

"Who can think of somebody exporting date palms to Cairo and making a fabulous profit out of it? No, my friend, you are just incapable of incurring losses in business!" the young man's friend commented, laughing.

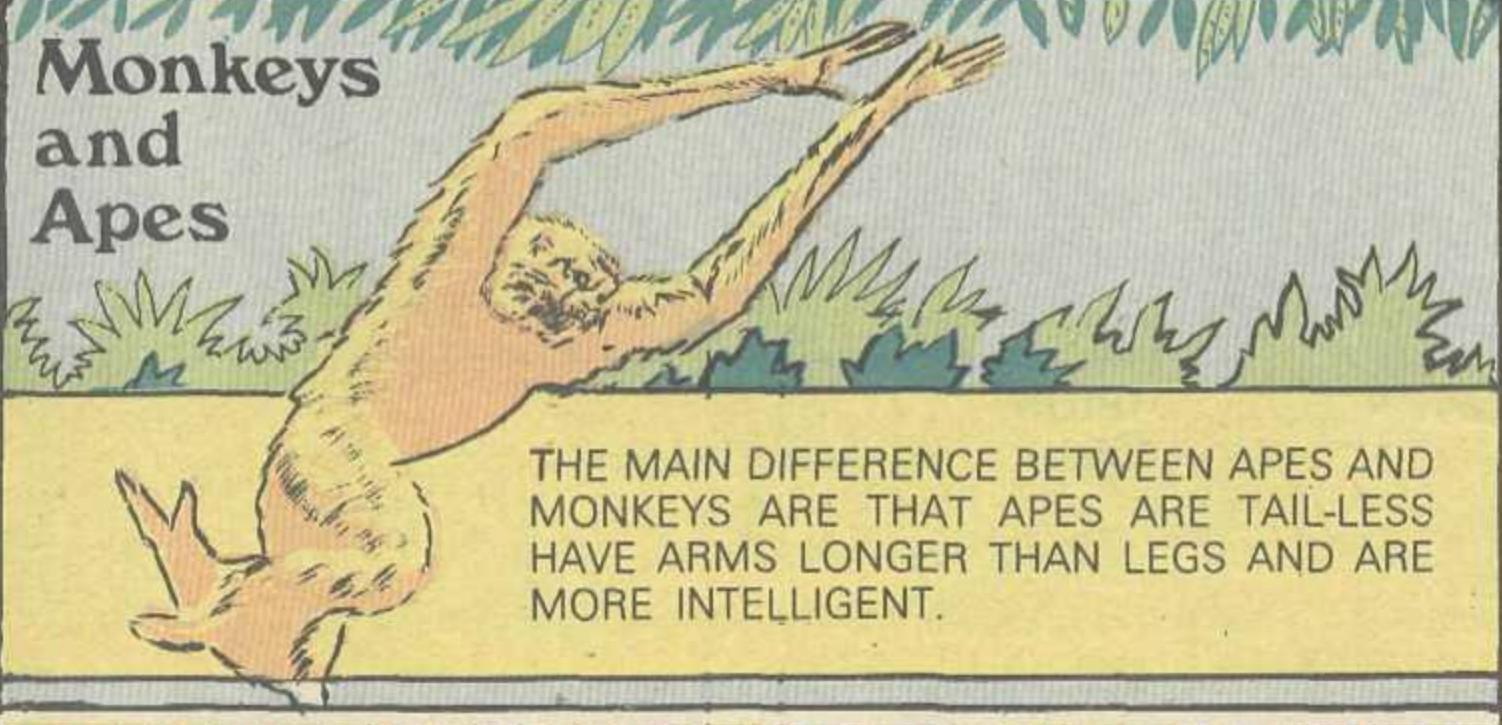
The release of atom power has changed everything except our way of thinking, and thus we are being driven unarmed towards a catastrophe.... The solution of this problem lies in the heart of human kind.

— Albert Einstein

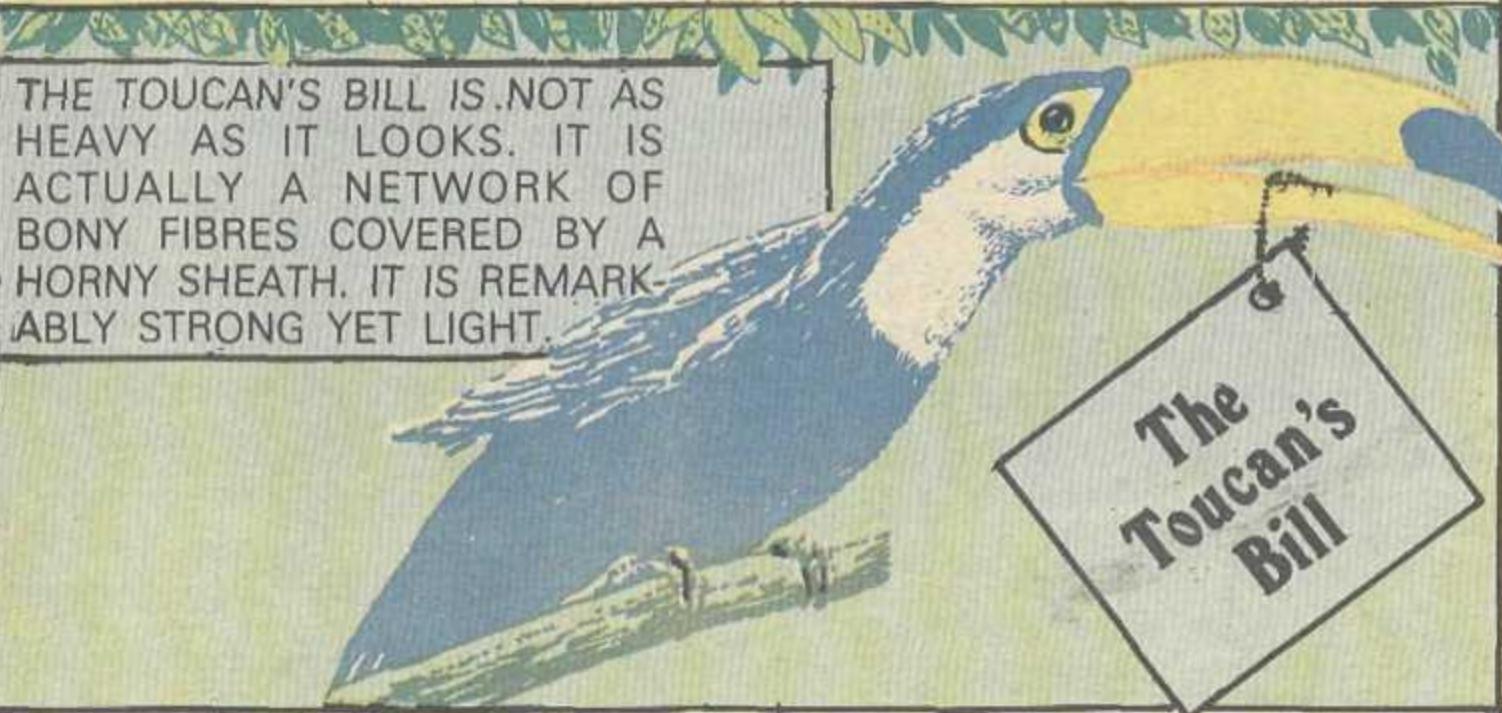


WORLD OF NATURE

Monkeys and Apes



THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN APES AND MONKEYS ARE THAT APES ARE TAIL-LESS HAVE ARMS LONGER THAN LEGS AND ARE MORE INTELLIGENT.



THE TOUCAN'S BILL IS NOT AS HEAVY AS IT LOOKS. IT IS ACTUALLY A NETWORK OF BONY FIBRES COVERED BY A HORNY SHEATH. IT IS REMARKABLY STRONG YET LIGHT.

The
Toucan's
Bill

ICE RAFT



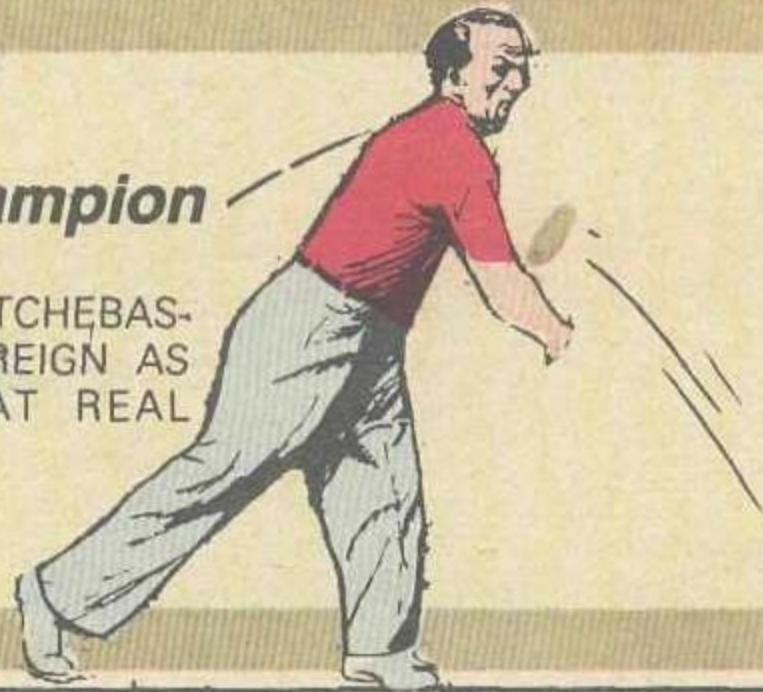
THE ROSS ICE SHELF IS REALLY A FLOATING RAFT OF ICE 500 MILES (800 KM) LONG JOINED TO THE CONTINENT OF ANTARCTICA. IT IS ABOUT 200 FT HIGH (60 MI) AND 600 MILES (965 KM WIDE).



WORLD OF SPORT

27 years a Champion

FRENCHMAN PIERRE ETCHEBASTER HAD A 27 YEAR REIGN AS WORLD CHAMPION AT REAL TENNIS—1928-1955.



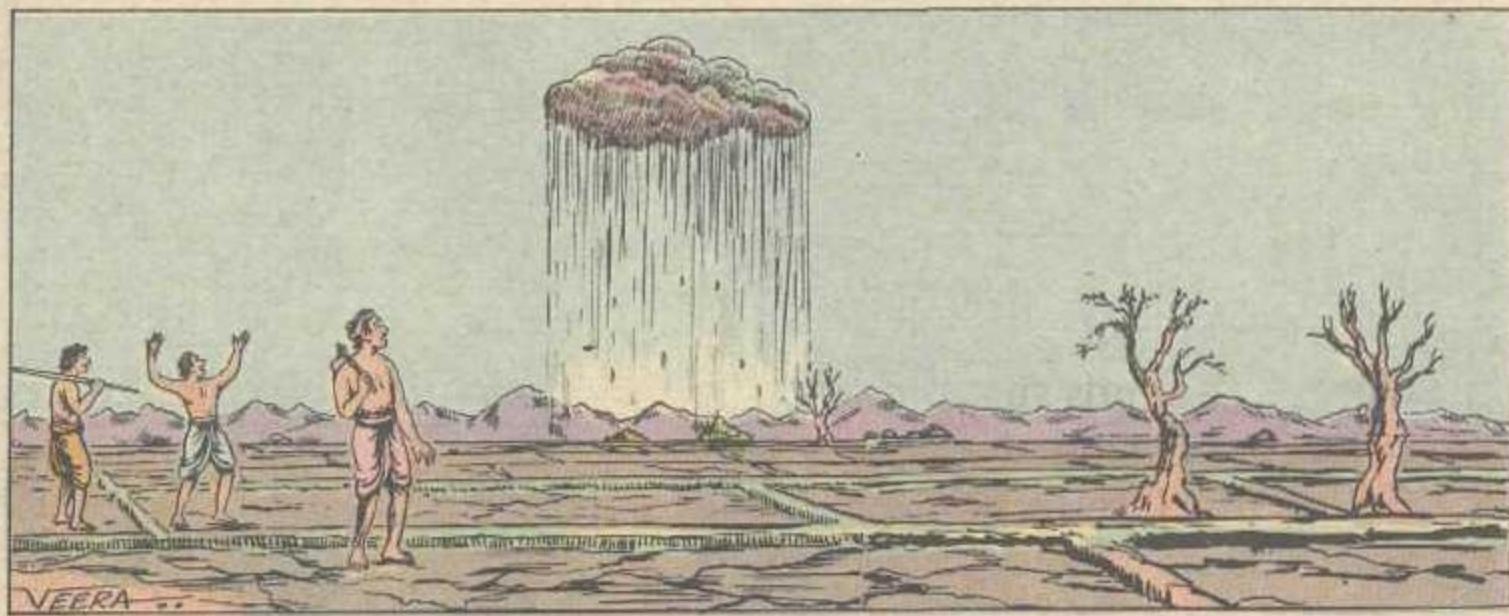
AUSTRALIAN RULES FOOTBALL WAS ORIGINALLY PLAYED BY IRISH IMMIGRANTS IN THE GOLDFIELDS OF THE MID-19TH CENTURY. IT HAS SIMILARITIES WITH RUGBY AND GAELIC FOOTBALL.

A black and white illustration showing three players in action during an Australian Rules football game. One player in a green and yellow uniform is jumping to catch or kick the ball. Another player in a blue and yellow uniform is running towards him. A third player in a green and yellow uniform is visible in the background. The ball is shown in the air between the first two players. Below the illustration, the words "AUSTRALIAN RULES" are printed in large, bold, capital letters on a blue background.

Ski Speed

SPEEDS OF OVER 114.479 MPH (184.237 KM/H) HAVE BEEN RECORDED FOR DOWN HILL SKIERS.





THE COMPASSIONATE CLOUD

The citizens of the small kingdom of Trigarta were all farmers. Their living depended on timely rain.

Once some travellers from Surpur were passing through that kingdom. The sky was overcast by clouds. One of the travellers told his companions, "How bountiful clouds! But people of this kingdom do not know how to greet the clouds when they appear in the sky. We in Surpur greet the clouds with folded hands and songs, don't we?"

"You are right. The people of this kingdom do not know how to show respect to clouds," said his companions.

The clouds heard this conversation. Their chief said, "Let's

go away. Why should we rain on the lands of people who do not know how to respect us?"

Within minutes the clouds retreated from the sky over Trigarta.

The farmers waited for the rain. But the season of monsoon passed without a drop of rain falling on the grounds of Trigarta. They were disappointed. However, they eagerly looked forward to the next monsoon.

But when the second monsoon also passed without their having any rain, they grew pensive. They did not know what to do.

One day, all on a sudden, a small chunk of cloud came dashing into the sky over Trigarta and began raining. The far-



mers were delighted. They sowed seeds in their lands for a new crop, sure that more rains will follow.

But the small cloud soon flew away. The people were even more disappointed.

The bigger clouds surrounded the small cloud and demanded of him, "How dared you violate our joint decision? You consider yourself more kind than we are, do you?"

"Far from that, I did better than what you have so far done. To harass the people of Trigarta is our motive. Right? Now, I inspired in them the hope of more rain and made them scatter the seeds they had! Go and see how bitterly they are weeping now," said the small cloud.

All the clouds proceeded to see if what the small cloud said was true. When the people of

Trigarta saw the gathering clouds, they could not check their tears of joy. They hailed the clouds with folded hands.

The small cloud told the chief, "Do you see how eagerly the people welcome us? Must we deprive them of rains even now?"

"Why should we?" said the chief. Then, addressing all the clouds, he said, "Let's rain, now that the people of Trigarta are showing us due respect!"

Rains came down at once. Joy of the farmers knew no bound. Thereafter whenever they saw the monsoon clouds they welcomed them with joy. The clouds never failed to rain in time.

Thus did the small cloud, who had deep sympathy for the people, got a good thing done.



THE ASTROLOGER'S DESTINY

The King of Pushpapur needed to appoint a court-astrologer. There were so many gifted astrologers in his kingdom and he did not know whom to appoint to the post.

The minister circulated a notice among the astrologers. Any astrologer who found out by a study of his own horoscope that he was destined to become a King's astrologer, was asked to report at the court.

On the appointed day five astrologers arrived, each claiming that according to his horoscope he was destined to be the King's astrologer.

The King did not know whom to appoint. Said the minister, "My Lord, all the five are truthful. But, four have evidently made errors in the study of their own horoscopes.

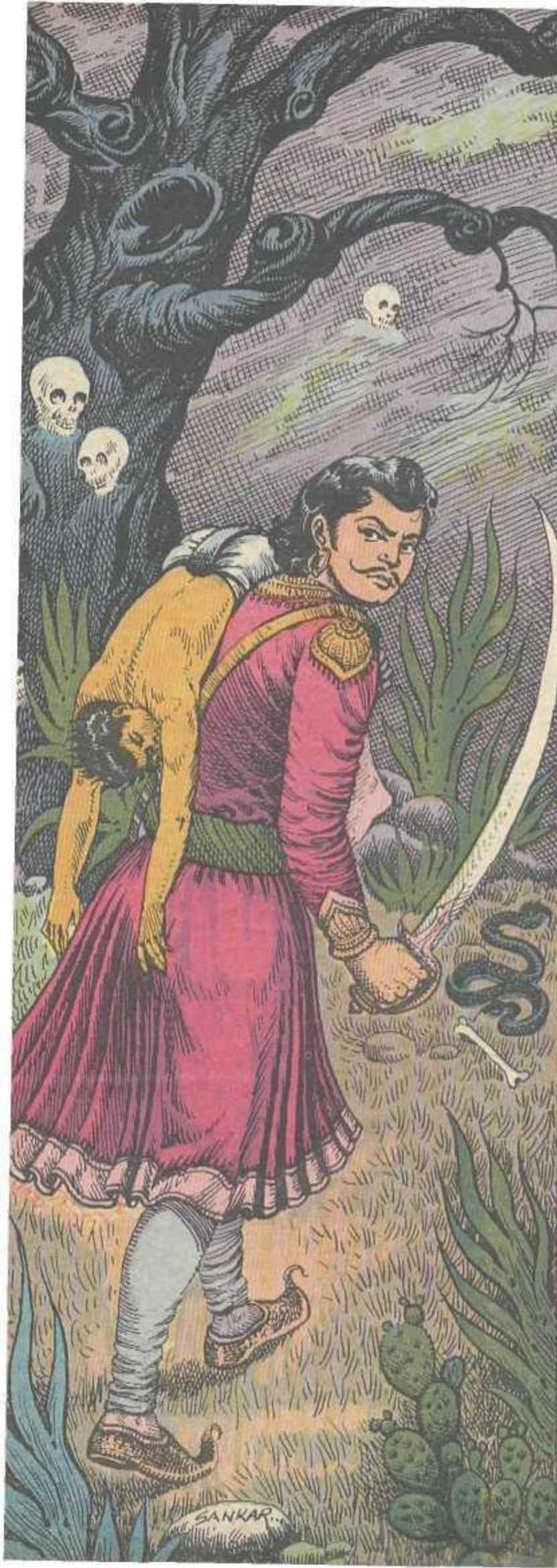
"Whom to appoint then?" asked a worried King.

"My Lord, appoint anyone you like. Then I will give you the reasons for my advice," said the minister.

The King appointed one named Hari Sharma.

"My Lord, no doubt this man read his horoscope correctly, for it is now proved that he was destined to be the King's astrologer!" explained the minister to the King's complete satisfaction.



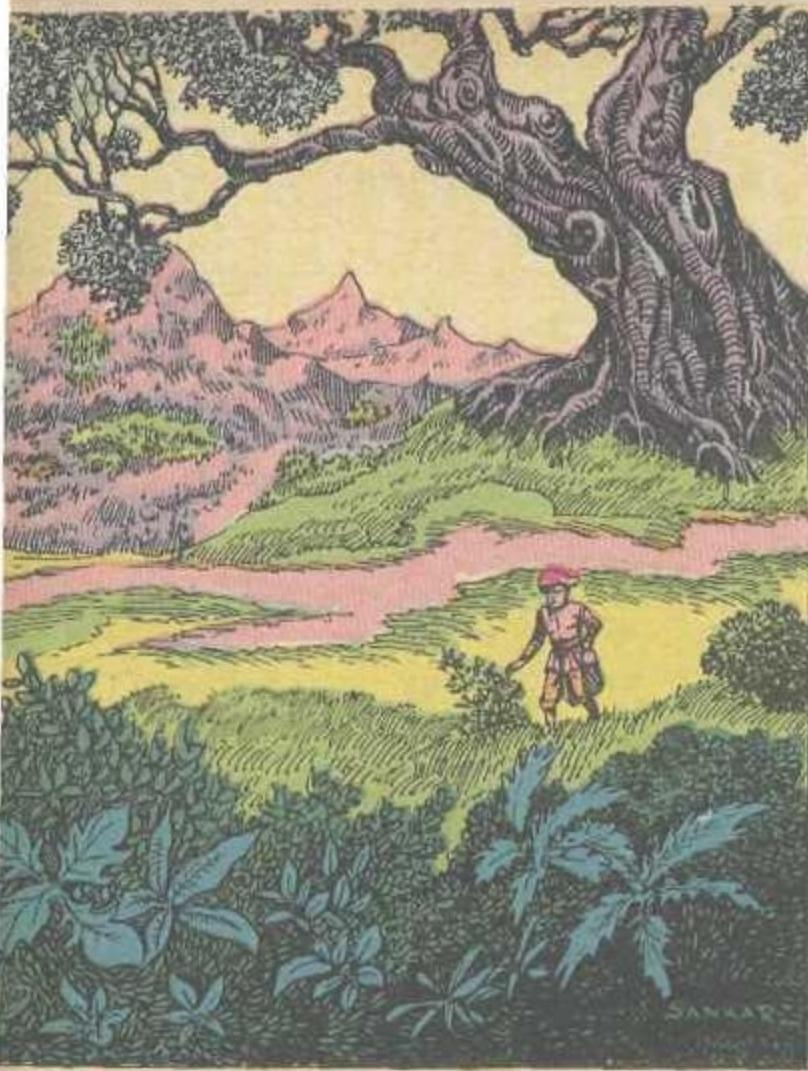


New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

THE WHIMSICAL PHYSICIAN

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At intervals of the rumbling of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulders, the Vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, you deserve praise for your patience and courage. My only doubt concerns your wisdom. Will you be wise enough to reap the harvest of your labours? There are people who fail to enjoy the outcome of their endeavours. Let me give you an instance. Pay attention to my narration. That should bring you some



relief."

The Vampire went on: This was when King Chandradeep ruled over the kingdom of Kanchan at the foot of the Himalayas. The King had only one child, Princess Madhumati. One day the young princess fell ill. Nobody considered it to be anything serious and, as usual, the court physician gave her medicines. But, instead of recovering, the princess seemed to be getting worse.

All the important physicians of the kingdom were summoned. They even could not be sure of the nature of Madhumati's illness, what to speak of

curing her!

After a month, when the King saw that the condition of the princess continued to deteriorate, he announced that whoever can cure her can claim her hand in marriage.

And, of course, to marry the princess, the King's only child, meant to succeed King Chandradeep to the throne!

Naturally, a number of ambitious men came to try their hands at curing the princess. That only made her condition worse.

Someone informed the King that in a small village at a far corner of the kingdom lived a young man named Jeevan Sharma. His father had left for him a large number of ancient manuscripts on Ayurveda, and the young Jeevan had made a thorough study of the books. He treated patients with great success. But, being shy, he never sought any publicity. In fact, he forbade his patients to sing his praise.

The King summoned Jeevan and told him about Madhumati's condition and also promised her hand in marriage with him if he could cure her.

Jeevan examined the princess



with great concentration. "My Lord," he told the King after a while, "I know the nature of this disease. This and a few other kinds of ailments can be cured by a rare herb available in a certain Himalayan valley. Because the herbs lose their efficacy when they dry up, we do not store them. If you allow me to go to the valley, I will collect the herb and be back here in a fortnight."

"Please do so," said the King.

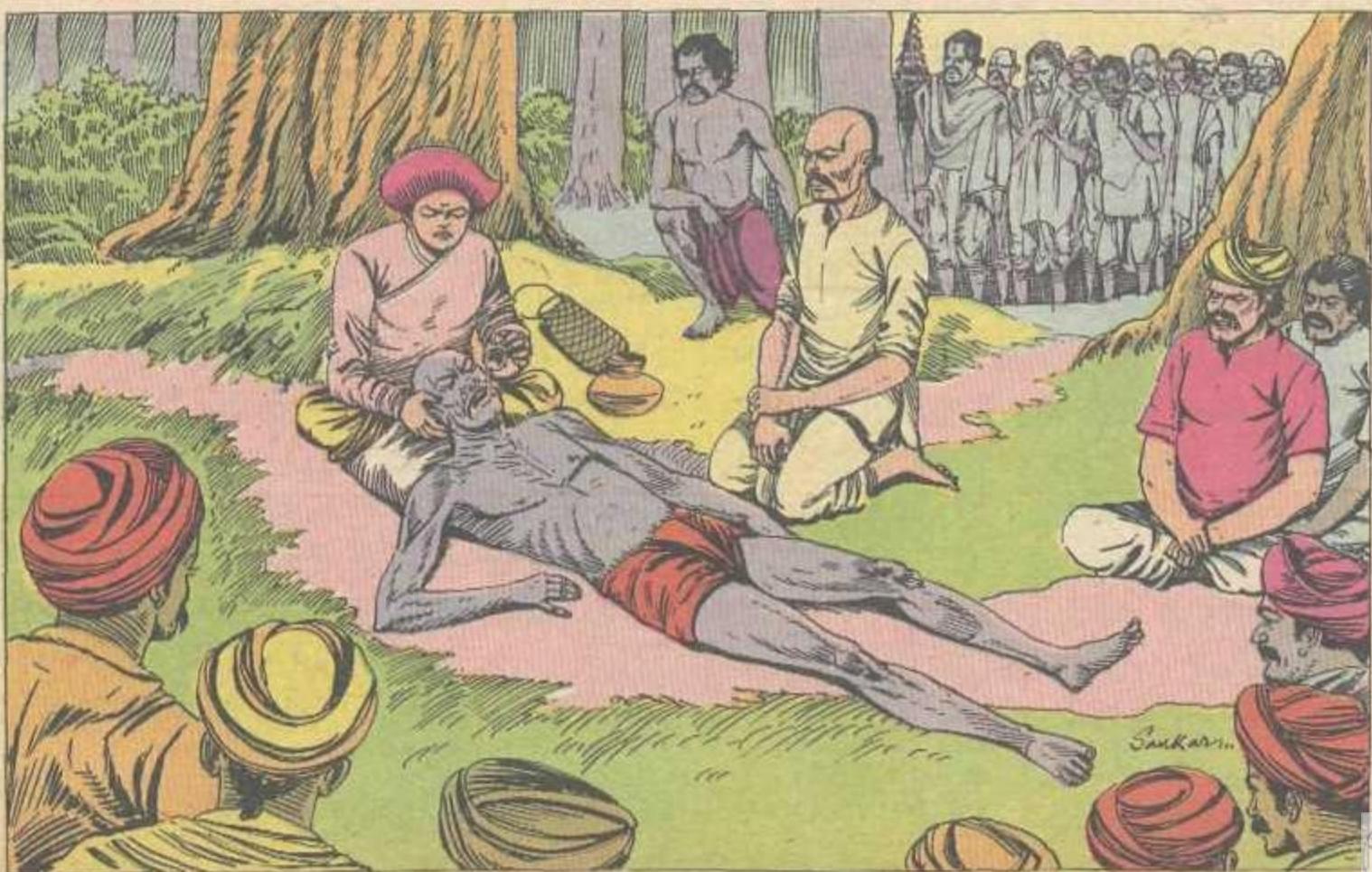
Jeevan left for the valley. He was back in the capital on the fifteenth day.

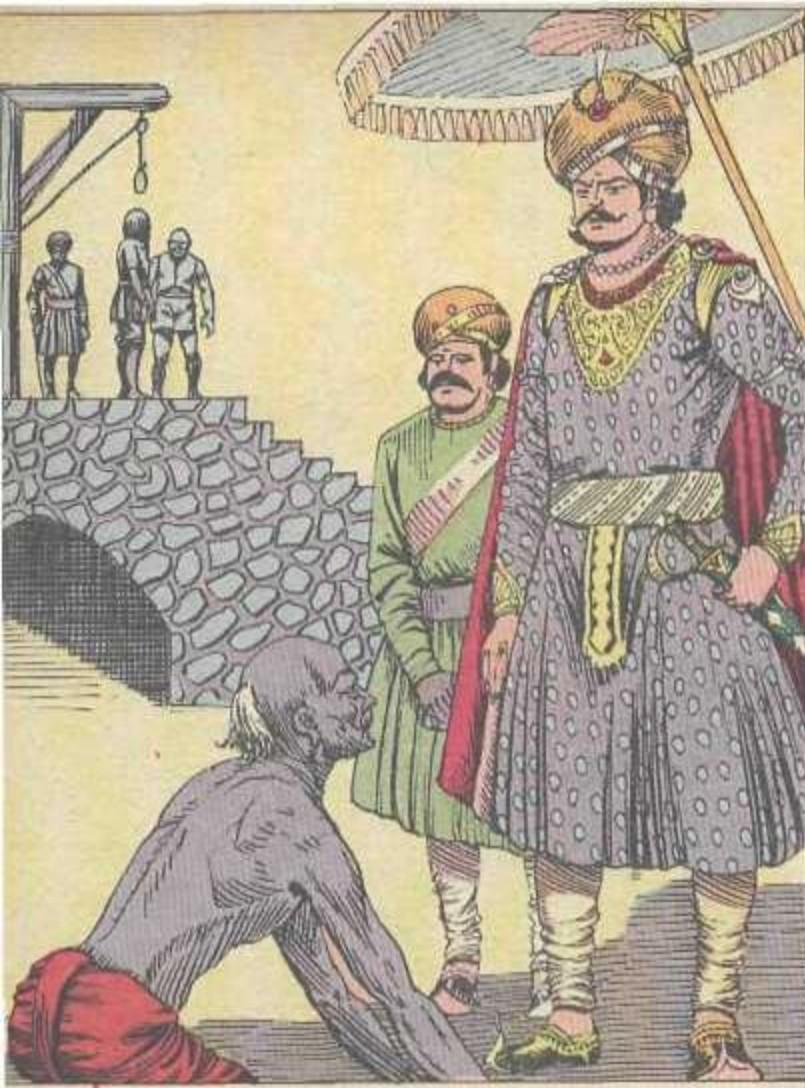
As he approached the palace, he heard some anxious voices

coming from the royal garden. He went to the garden and saw that the chief gardener had been bitten by a poisonous snake.

He sat down and felt the pulse of the old man. Others had taken him for dead, but Jeevan knew that he could still be revived—only if he was treated with the rare herb he had fetched.

Without wasting time he called for some water and crushed the herb and mixed with it and poured it into the gardener's mouth. Within five minutes the man showed signs of recovery. In half an hour he was as good as normal!





The King was happy to know that Jeevan was back. He was also happy to learn about his success in reviving the gardener. But when he learnt that Jeevan had finished the herb meant for the princess, he grew furious.

"You are treacherous, you are inhuman, you are audacious, you have committed treason. You have insulted me by choosing to revive a useless old chap instead of the princess. You deserve death!" shouted the King.

"My Lord, I know the nature of the ailment of the princess. No harm will come to her if the treatment is delayed by another

fortnight. I will start for the valley once again just now and be back as soon as I can," said Jeevan with supplication.

But the King paid no heed to his pleadings. He passed order for his death by hanging. Jeevan was thrown into the prison.

In the morning arrangements were made for his execution. Suddenly the gardener came rushing and fell at the King's feet and said, "My Lord, it is for me that the physician is going to lose his life. I'm the sinner. As you know, I'm poor, old and useless. But the physician's life is of great worth. Kindly hang me and spare the physician's life."

Jeevan could hear this. He shouted from the gallows, "Did I save your life yesterday for you to die today? No. Let the King heed my suggestion and let me fetch the herb once again. If this is not acceptable to the King, let him proceed with his plan to hang me!"

The minister took this chance to speak to the King: "My Lord, we will gain nothing by hanging the physician. On the other hand, he may cure the princess, if he is set free!"

The King yielded. Jeevan was



brought down from the gallows and set free.

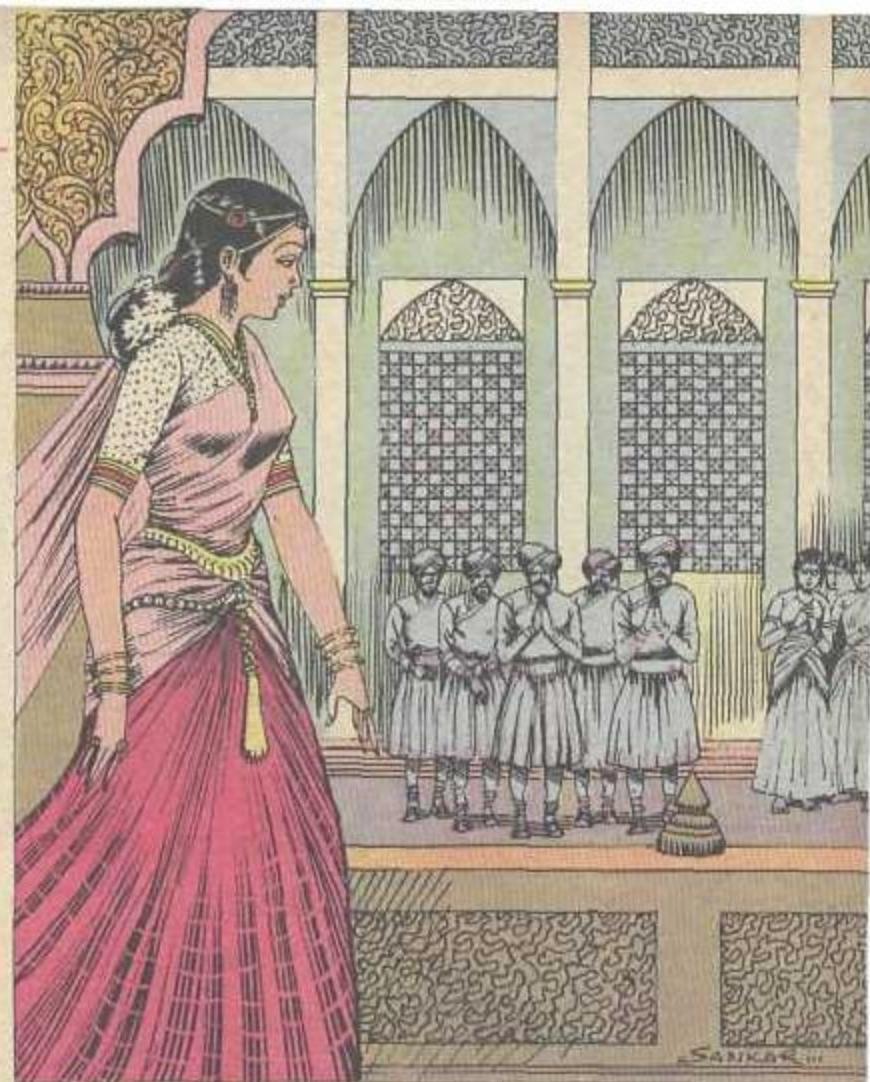
He was back in a fortnight and he began treating the princess. In three days the princess opened her eyes. After a week she was able to walk. It was clear that her disease was gone! Jeevan prescribed diet for her and prepared tonics for her to regain her health.

After a month the King called the court astrologer and asked him to find out an auspicious day for the princess to wed Jeevan. He also asked the minister to bring Jeevan to the spot for consultation.

Since the time the princess showed signs of recovery, Jeevan was being given a royal treatment. He was lodged in the special guest house reserved for kingly guests. The queen herself took care to send him food from the royal kitchen. After all he was the future King!

The minister went to the guest house with a palanquin and musicians. But on arrival there he learnt that Jeevan had left the guest house early in the morning.

The King sent a messenger to Jeevan's village. It was then learnt that Jeevan had migrated



to another kingdom.

The Vampire paused and asked King Vikram in a challenging tone: "O King, didn't Jeevan act foolishly not once but three times? His first act of foolishness was to use the herb he had brought for the princess on the gardener. His second act of foolishness was to go away from the capital when he could have married the princess. His third act of foolishness was to leave the kingdom of Kanchan. Had he lived there, he would have received much respect from all as the saviour of the princess! How do you explain his conduct? Answer me if you





can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram: "Jeevan was conscientious, free of greed and wise. For a true physician all patients merit the same attention irrespective of status. Jeevan knew that the princess can afford to wait, but not the gardener. So he used the herb for him. He had no desire to marry the princess first because he was shy by nature and so would not like to become a King and secondly

because he wanted to devote his life to Ayurveda. He migrated to another kingdom because he got a taste of the character of his own King. King Chandradeep felt insulted because he delayed in curing his daughter. The King might have felt equally insulted when he would have declined to marry his daughter! Jeevan knew that he could establish himself in any kingdom by virtue of his knowledge."

No sooner had the King concluded his answer than the Vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

**MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY OF
ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA
BY PLACING A REGULAR ORDER
WITH YOUR NEWS AGENT**





**SOMEONE HAD
TO USE THEM!**

Kishore had lost his parents when he was very young. He was brought up by his grandfather.

By the time the grandpa died, Kishore had grown into a bright young man. He used to love the old man very much and two of the old man's advice remained imprinted in his memory. One was, "Be cautious in everything." The other, "Do not consider anything as useless."

Kishore got married. His wife, Vijaya, was an intelligent and good-natured young lady. There was nobody else in Kishore's house. Vijaya, naturally, took it upon herself to give a proper shape to his household. She was surprised to see the house filled with useless things like empty match boxes, empty, torn and soiled paper covers in which things were

once packed, broken bottles, strings or ropes, so on and so forth. She thought that such things had accumulated because there was no one to clean the house.

After a few days of her settling down, one morning she began to gather the useless things scattered everywhere. Then she began throwing them into the municipal dustbin installed outside her house.

Kishore, who was in the fields, happened to return while she was doing this work. "Stop! Stop!" he shouted from the other side of the road.

Vijaya was surprised. "I'm throwing out only useless things!" she said.

"Useless? What is useless? Did we pay only for the matchsticks and not for the match-boxes? When a shopkeeper





hands over a parcel to us, does he not charge also for the wrapper of the parcel? Grandpa used to say that nothing should be considered useless. Listen to me. Don't interfere with the things that are there!"

Vijaya sighed with disappointment. She knew that Kishore was a good man, but with certain ideas very firmly fixed in his mind.

She lost all enthusiasm for setting the household in order. Two months later her friend Veena paid a visit to her. She asked with some surprise, "Vijaya! You were so tidy and well-organised in everything.

How is it that you have not cared to bring any style into your new household?"

Vijaya said shyly, "I've been thinking of cleaning the household everyday; but time flies so fast!"

We do not know if Vijaya's friend was satisfied with her answer, but she did not bother her with her curiosity any longer.

That night Vijaya spoke to her husband once again on the matter. "Our whole house has been reduced to a huge dustbin!" she said to begin with. "Let it be!" was Kishore's brief and rude response. That silenced Vijaya.

Six months passed. One day Vikram, the younger brother of Vijaya, arrived there. Vikram was a clever and capable boy and Kishore liked him very much. Vijaya confided in Vikram her anguish. Vikram observed the situation and thought over it. Then his face brightened up. "We must teach my brother-in-law such a lesson that he will forget his grandpa's advice for good!" he said and whispered his plan to his sister.

Well, it was a risky plan. Even so, Vijaya had full faith in



her brother's efficiency. Vikram managed to convince her that the plan will work!

During dinner Vikram amused his brother-in-law with stories. It was summer. Vikram insisted on spreading his bed on the verandah, for sake of enjoying a good breeze.

As was Kishore's habit, he shut the door, after Vikram retired, carefully, locking it with the latch from inside. Then he went to sleep.

Some sound woke him up at midnight. In his turn he woke up Vijaya. Both saw a bandit standing in a corner of the house. It was a fearful sight.

The bandit suddenly picked up a broken bottle—one of those useless things scattered here and there—and threatened Kishore with it. In a harsh voice he said, "If you shout or move, I'll smash this on you!"

Kishore stood paralysed. The bandit swiftly picked up a few strings of rope. He said in a low voice as if to himself, "What a house! Everything I need I get handy!" He swiftly made those strings into two pieces of longer ropes and tied Kishore and Vijaya to a pillar.

Then he opened their trunks



and made two bundles of their valuable things including Vijaya's ornaments and utensils. He picked up some rotten clothes and said, "I can push these into your mouths and gag you. But I hope you will be sensible enough not to cry. I have no time to lose, you know!"

Then looking at a heap of empty matchboxes, he said, "What a wonderful bonfire these will make! The flames will touch the thatch and the house will burn. The villagers will be busy containing the fire. That will give me a good opportunity to escape!"

"Please don't do any such thing!" cried Kishore in a subdued voice.

"Keep quiet!" ordered the bandit. He lighted a fire and went out.

For a minute or two Kishore did not shout fearing that the bandit may return. Then he began to shout.

The very next moment Vikram dashed in, gasping for breath. "I saw the bandit and waited for my chance. Suddenly I sprang up before him with a stout lathi. The fellow grew panicky. He threw these bundles and ran away."

By then some neighbours had collected. They set the couple free and extinguished the fire. Then they began investigating into the incident. They soon found out that the bandit had managed to open the door from

outside by the help of an iron stick used in a cracker a year ago. He had pushed the thin stick through a narrow chink and opened the latch.

"The bandit made good use of everything useless!" observed a neighbour.

"No wonder he did so because our Kishore keeps on accumulating useless things!" commented another.

"Kishore! What your grandfather said was correct in principle. But you followed it literally. You only gathered trash, never used them!" said yet another.

Kishore kept silent. Next day he began cleaning the house himself. Vijaya was too happy to join hands with him. Even Vikram readily cooperated, throwing secret smiles at his sister.



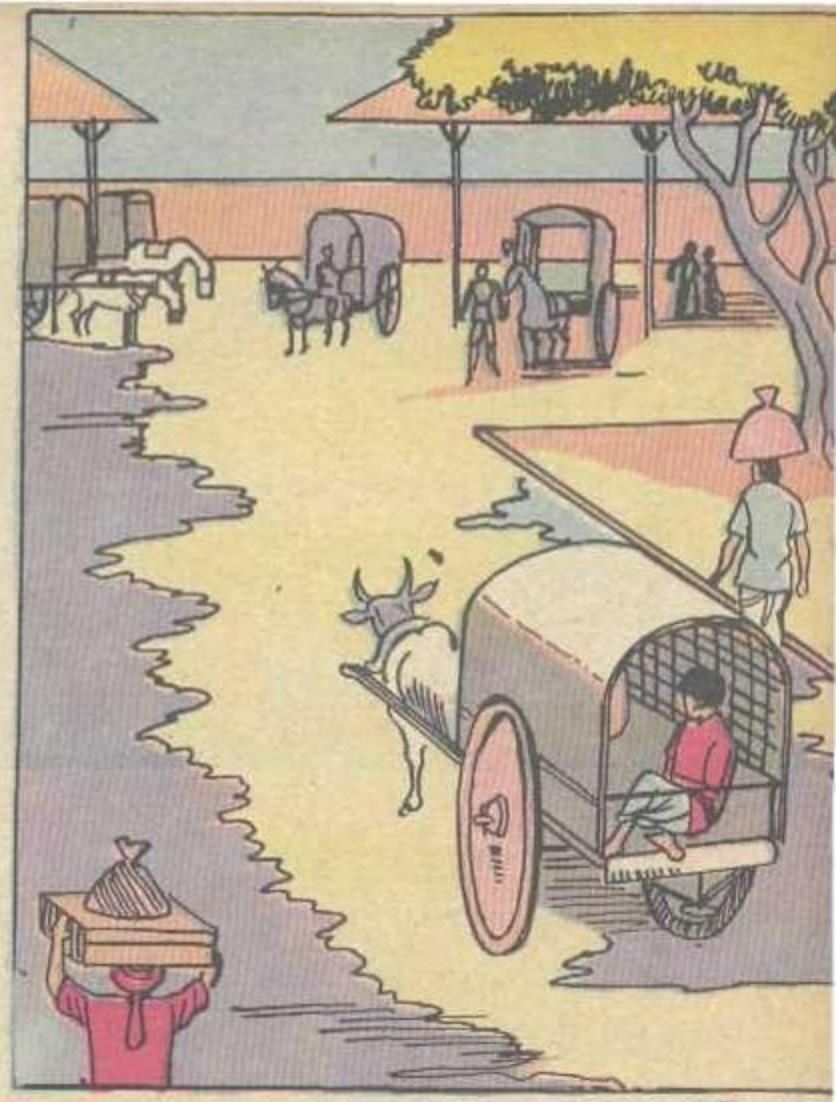
WHO WAS TO BE CURSED?

Vimal Rao was a wealthy merchant of Haripur. His friend, Suresh was once required to pay a visit to Vilasgram, a distant town.

"Vimal, do you know anybody at Vilasgram? I have to pass a day there," said Suresh.

"Of course I know! There lives Joykumar, a merchant with whom I had some business deal some years ago. You can live with him," said Vimal. He gave him a letter of introduction and Suresh left for Vilasgram. He had to hire a bullock-cart to reach the bus-stop. When he reached the town, it was evening.

He was received most courteously. But, surprisingly, after a while he was asked to fetch a bucketful of water from the tube-well as the servant of the



household was absent!

At dinner, he was given a seat separate from the members and other guests of the family. A mat was spread for him on the verandah. He was given no mosquito-net. He could hardly sleep—thanks to mosquitoes!

He cursed his host silently and, in the morning, left the house and checked into an inn.

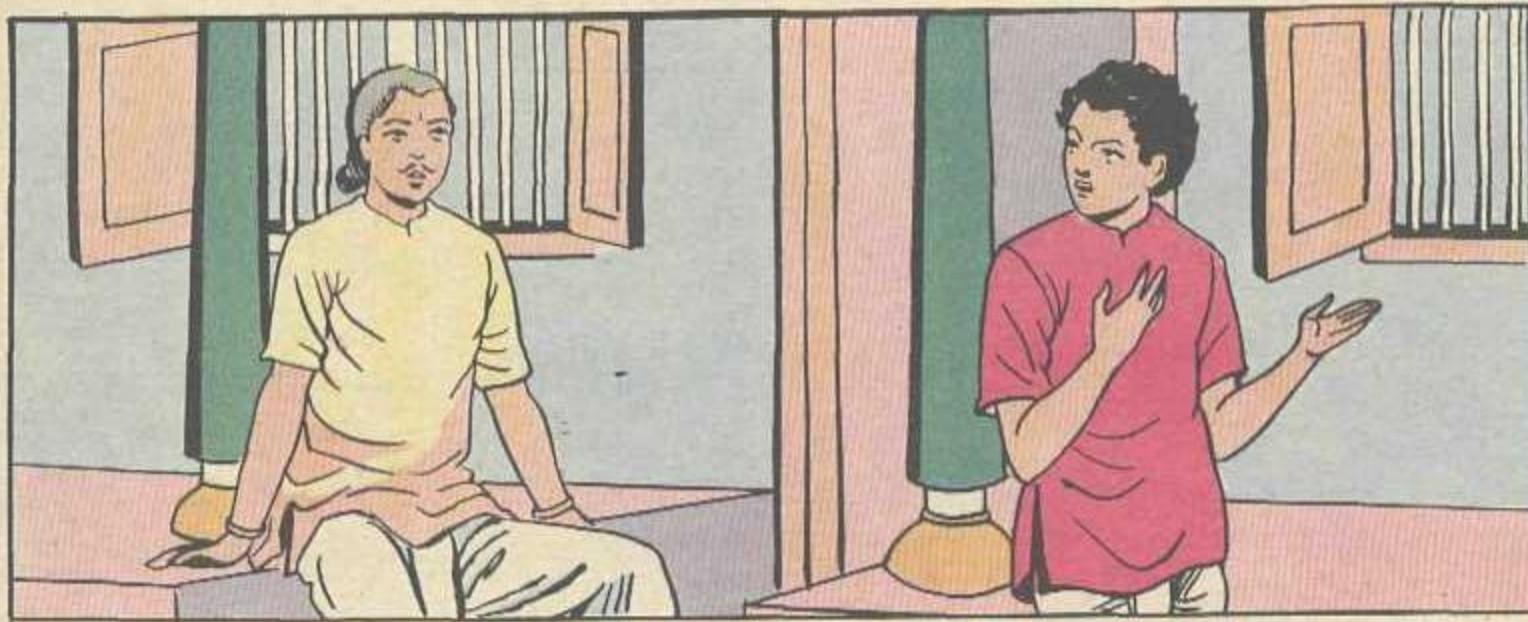
"Wherefrom do you come?" the inn-keeper's friend, an old man, asked him.

"From Haripur," replied Suresh.

"Do you know a merchant named Vimal Rao?"

"Yes!"





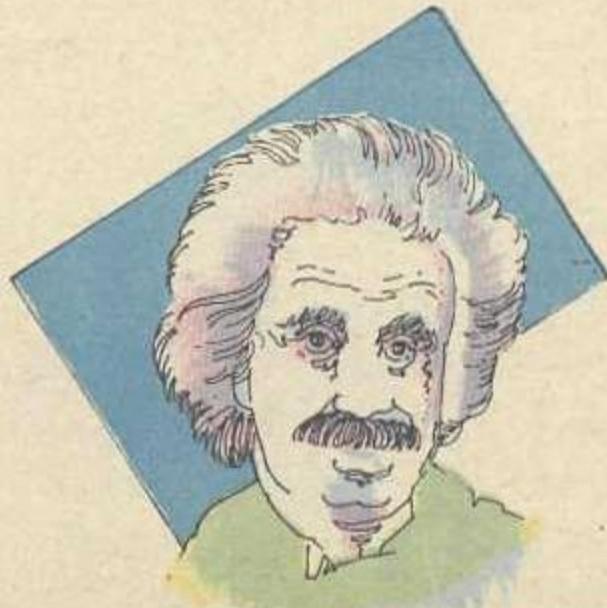
"He was a friend of my nephew whose name is Joykumar. Once, at my nephew's recommendation I became their guest as I had to consult an Ayurvedic physician in that village. Well, to be frank, Vimal Rao does not know how to treat a guest. He made me milk his cow, treated me like an untouchable during dinner, made

me lie down in the verandah even without offering me a mat, what to speak of a pillow or a mosquito-net!" grumbled the old man, gasping for attack of asthma!

Suresh now knew whom to curse. In fact, he considered himself lucky, for he had been provided with a mat and a pillow!

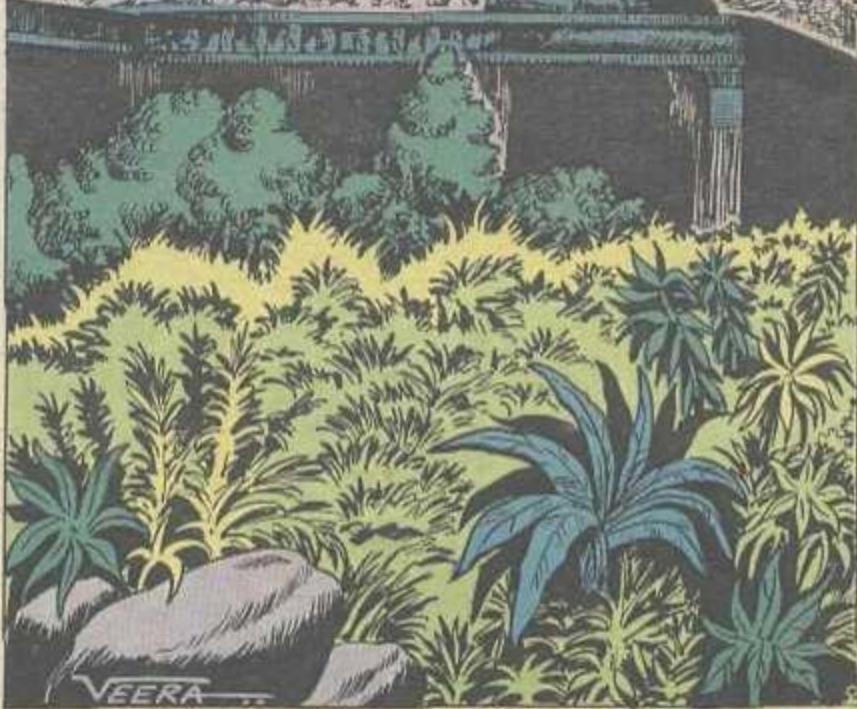
The Difference

In an interview, Albert Einstein is reported to have advised young men to follow this bit of wisdom: Do not try to be a man of success, but try to be a man of value. The successful man takes more out of life than he puts into it; while the man of value gives more to life than he takes out of it.



MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE FORT OF GINGEE



VEERA

Spread over three hills in South Arcot district of Tamil Nadu are to be seen the ruins of Gingee, a fort that recorded the changing political scenes in South India for centuries. The Cholas, the Hoysalas, the Vijayanagar rulers, the Marathas and the Mughals—had all been its masters at different times.





Legend says that a cowherd boy named Ananda Kon, while leading his cattle to the hills, suddenly came across a treasure hidden in a cave. Soon he collected a number of young men to assist him.

Soon he declared himself a ruler. With the help of his recruits, he conquered the territories of the small chieftains of the locality. He constructed his castle on Rajgiri, one of the three hills.



The castle was built at such a place that no enemy could approach it easily. A deep chasm separated the castle from the upward path to it. The wooden plank that bridged the chasm could be easily taken out.

The rulers of Gingee owed their allegiance to different powerful kings and emperors. During the Nayak rule, the fort became stronger. But the Bijapur army defeated the Nayak and took away 20 crore rupees as booty!



Then came the great Maratha hero, Shivaji. He captured the fort during his Carnatic expedition. But after his death came the Mughals. It was, however, not easy for them to take over the fort.

Raja Deshing, a young man of 22, was the ruler of Gingee when the Mughal Badshah directed the Nawab of Arcot to attack the fort. Deshing went to the nearby temple of Lord Ranganath. When he raised his head, the idol's head had turned to another side.

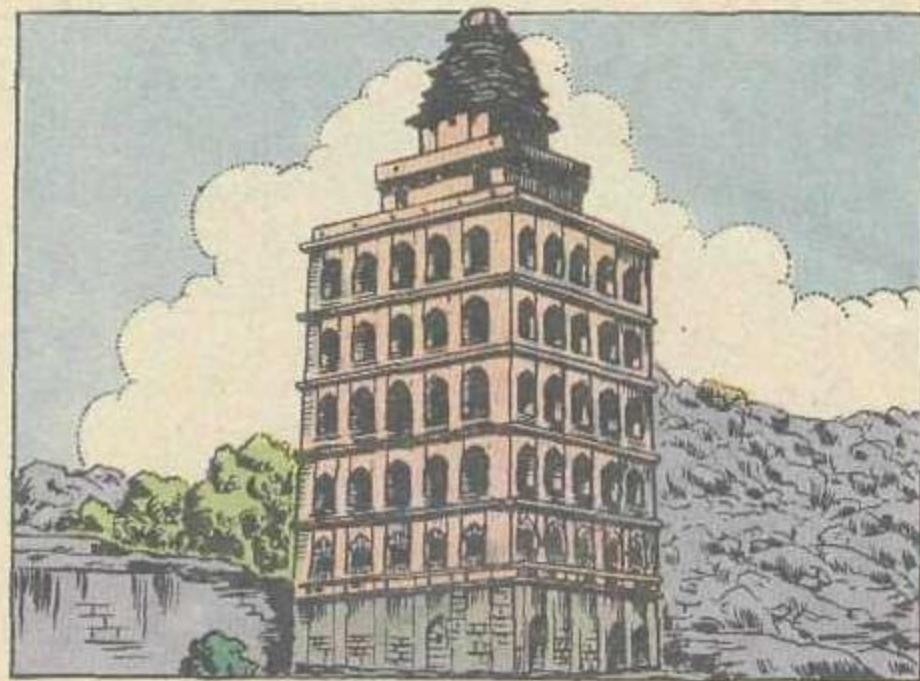




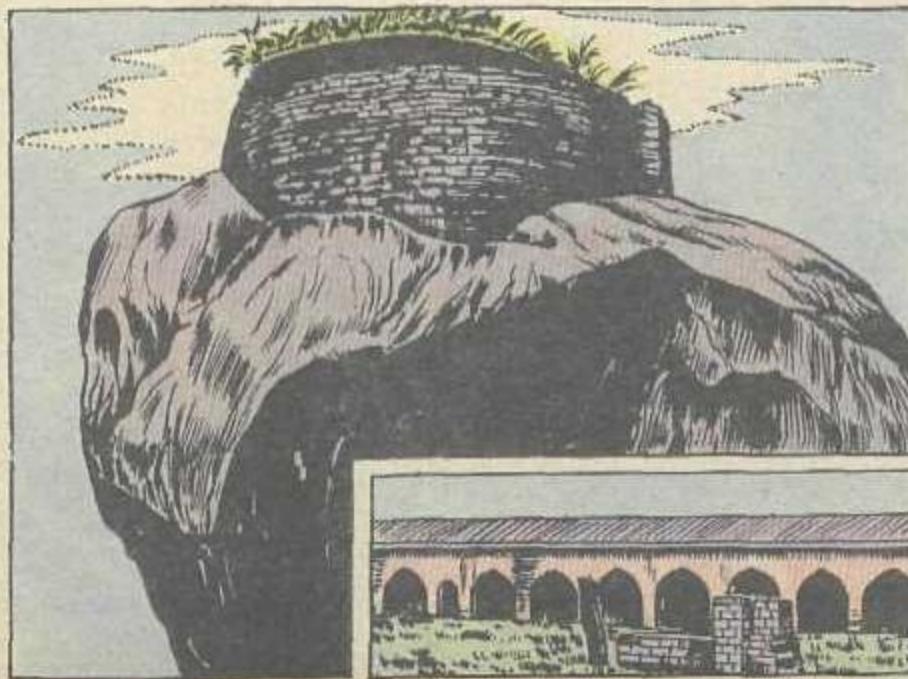
VEERA

This meant that his prayer for victory was not going to be granted. Even then Desingh resisted the invasion for seven long years. Then he died fighting and his queen entered fire.

With that ended the glorious days of Gingee. The place, however, remains a centre of attraction for its many impressive monuments, one of them being the Kalyan Mahal.



There is a well-like pit, known as the Tower of Death on a solitary rock into which criminals condemned to death were thrown. The stable too speaks of the great care horses once received here.



A MATTER OF PATIENCE

Govind of Shyampur was quite wealthy, but he alone knew what he proposed to do with his wealth. He hardly ever spent it.

His only son's birthday was approaching. He bought a piece of cloth for making a set of shorts and shirt for the boy. He handed it over to the village tailor who promised to give it to him on the eve of the boy's birthday.

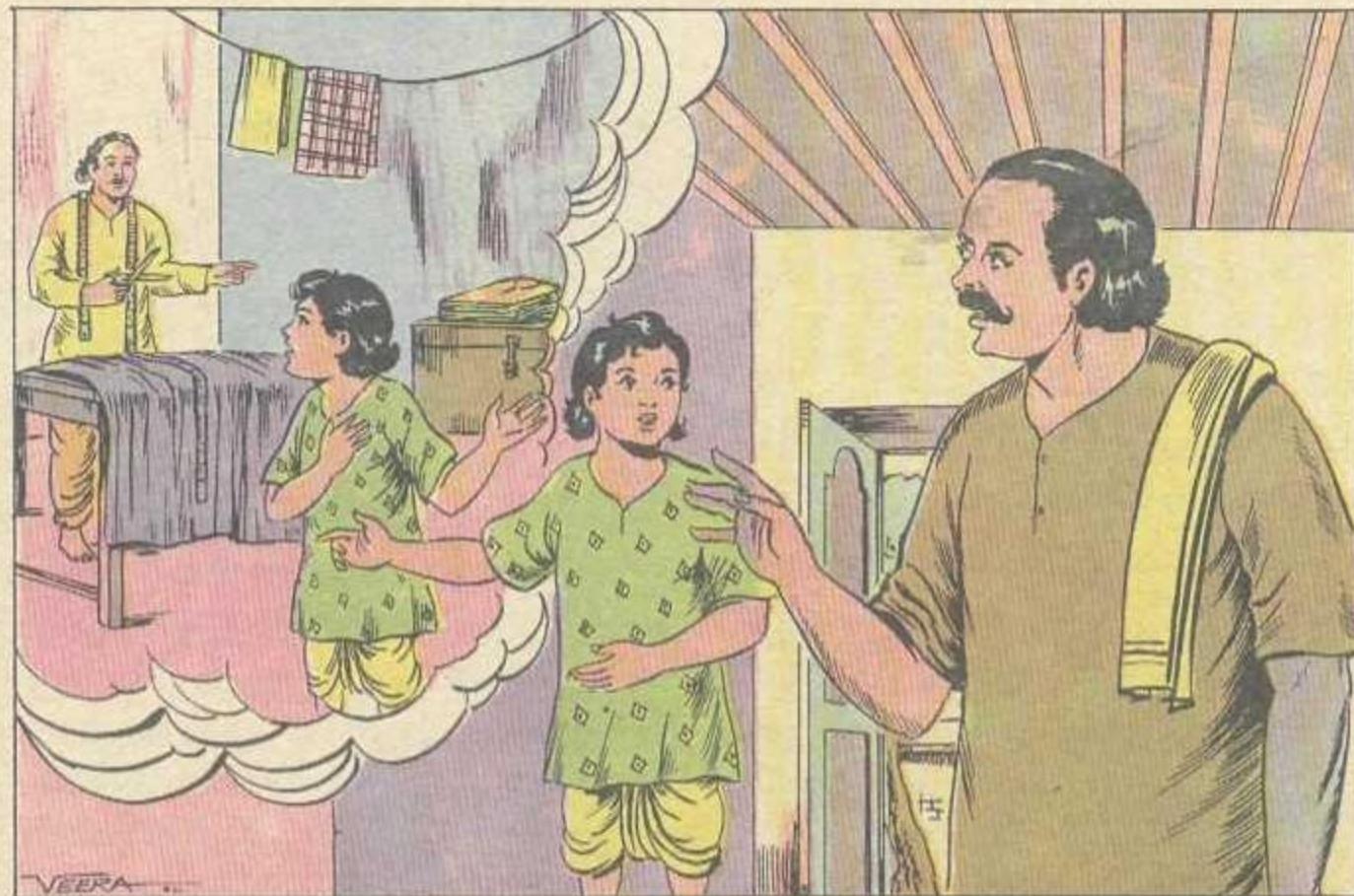
But Govind had no intention of paying the tailor his dues. It so happened that he had to go out to the town on the day before the boy's birthday. He briefed his son how to get his clothes from the tailor without making any payment for it.

But back home in the morning of his son's birthday, Govind was surprised to find the boy in his old clothes.

"The tailor refused to hand over the clothes to me unless I paid him his dues!" said the boy.

"Did you tell him what I had instructed you to tell him?" asked Govind.

"I told him that Father thought me too young to carry money. But he said that he had no objection to keep the clothes with him till I had sufficiently grown up to carry money to him," said the boy.





THE REVENGE

In the kingdom of Malaypur lived a tantrik named Virbhadrā. He had mastered many supernatural powers, but he never used his powers to cause ill to anybody.

His only son, Sukumar, was an intelligent young man. He had learnt from his father the science of tantra and could perform many miracles. But, while his father was shy, he was quite eager to show his powers to others. He did not mean harm to anyone, but he was certainly ambitious.

One day he sought his father's permission to go out on a journey. He would like to perform miracles before Kings and important people and earn money.

Virbhadrā did not find anything wrong in his ambitious

son's desire. He permitted him to do as he liked.

Sukumar went out and moved from court to court, surprising and amusing both Kings and commoners with his powers. He became famous as a wizard.

After visiting three or four kingdoms he reached Ratangarh. It so happened that the King of Ratangarh, after waiting for many years, had been blessed with a son. The little prince was one year old. The court astrologer, whose predictions proved correct most of the time, had warned the King and the Queen that there was danger to the little prince's life from some wizard.

Sukumar was a stranger to Ratangarh. Nobody knew whether he was a good man or a



bad man. When he sent word to the King that he wanted to show his miracles in the court, the King got panicky. The King's wise minister was away. Some of his unworthy advisors told him in private that the young wizard should be killed forthwith so that he could cause no danger to the prince.

The King kept quiet. In his silence his advisors read his consent to the plan. They met Sukumar and pretended kindness to him and put him up in the royal guest house.

"The King will see you tomorrow," they told him. But Sukumar was never to see that tomorrow. That very night they murdered him and buried his body in secret.

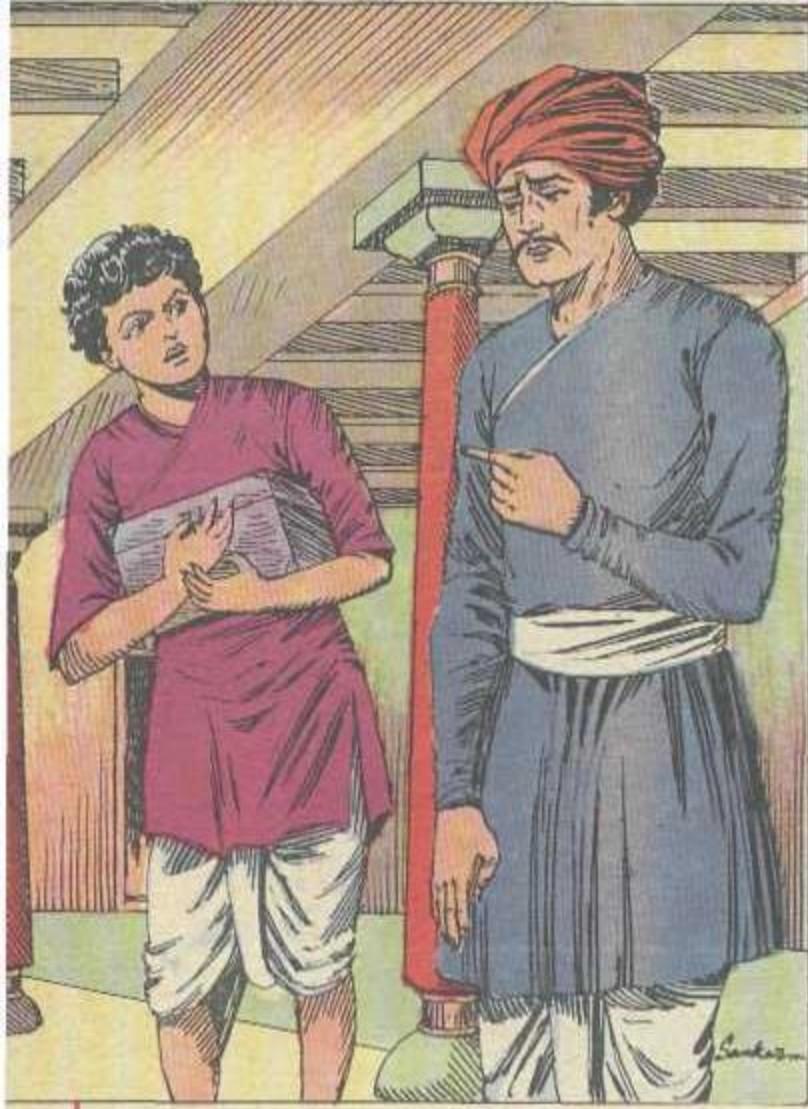
Although it was done by the King's confidants, such misdeeds generally leaked out. People began to whisper about the wizard's fate. Sukumar used to hire messengers and send to his father the rewards he received from different Kings. Now, Virbhadra was surprised over his son's silence. He knew that Sukumar had proceeded towards Ratangarh. He paid a



visit to Ratangarh. There, without disclosing who he was, he pieced together all the gossips he heard. Then he brought one of the servants of the royal guest house under his spell. The servant confessed to the crime.

Seething under fury, Virbhadra stayed there for a few days, most of the time wandering around the palace. One day, when the attendants of the little prince were careless, he whisked away the child from the royal garden and escaped to his village faraway.

He named the prince Sujit and told the villagers that he had found the child in a forest.



King and told him, "My Lord, fourteen years ago a wizard named Sukumar had come here seeking your hospitality. He was my brother. In return for the hospitality you had extended to him, my father sends you this gift."

The surprised King opened the casket. He was aghast to see the gem-studded clothes of his one-year-old son who disappeared fourteen years ago!

"So, your father murdered my son. Very well, you die for him!" shrieked out the King. He unsheathed his sword and was about to rush upon Sujit when the old minister stopped him.

"Have patience, My Lord," he said and picked up a letter from the bottom of the casket. It read, "King, the boy you have just killed was not my son, but yours! I have avenged the foul murder of my son, Sukumar, by making you kill your own son!"

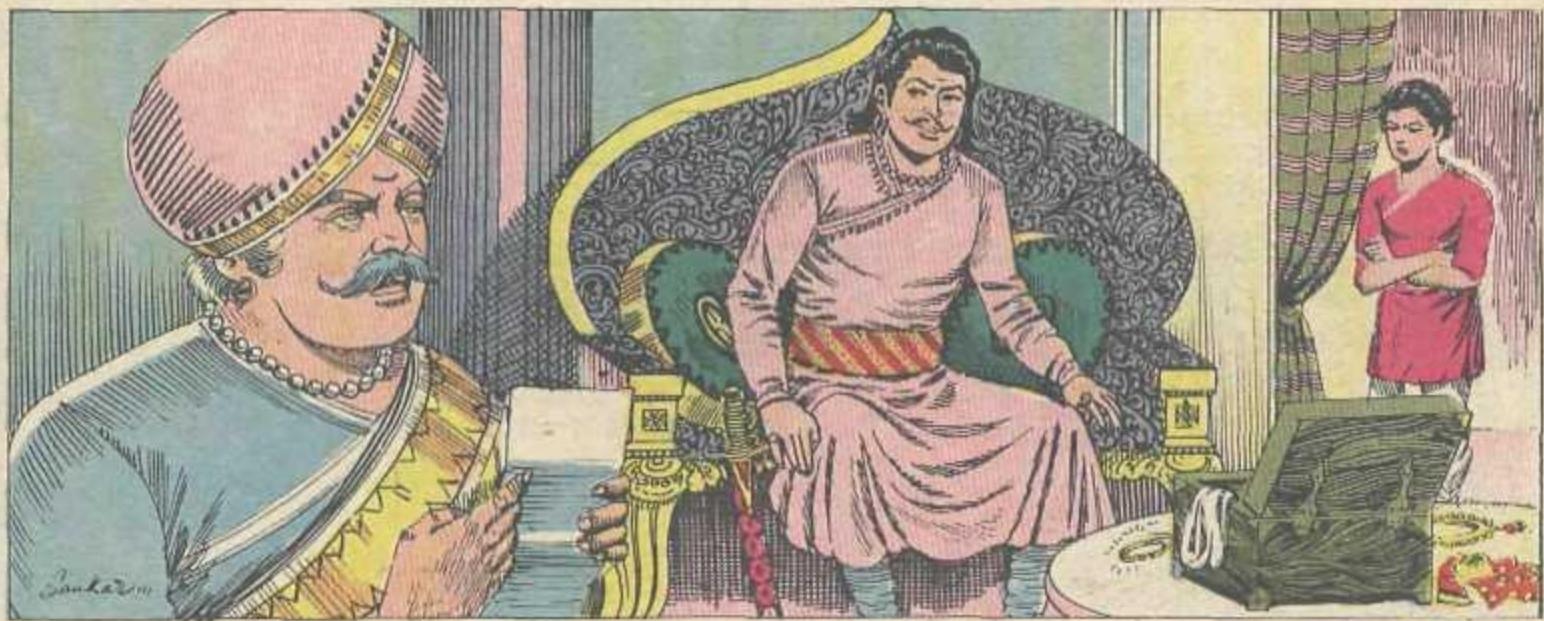
Years passed. Sujit grew up under Virbhadra's care, sure that Virbhadra was his father. One day Virbhadra led Sujit to Ratangarh. They hired a house and lived there for a week. One day Virbhadra handed over a casket to Sujit and said, "My son, carry this to the King." Then he taught him what he should tell the King.

Sujit was surprised. He was even more surprised to see Virbhadra weeping. But Virbhadra refused to satisfy his curiosity only saying that he was obliged to something under a vow he had taken.

Sujit carried the casket to the

The King looked at Sujit and sat stunned. The minister embraced Sujit and immediately sent his people to locate Virbhadra.

The old tantrik was waiting for the summons. "I don't mind losing my head now," he said



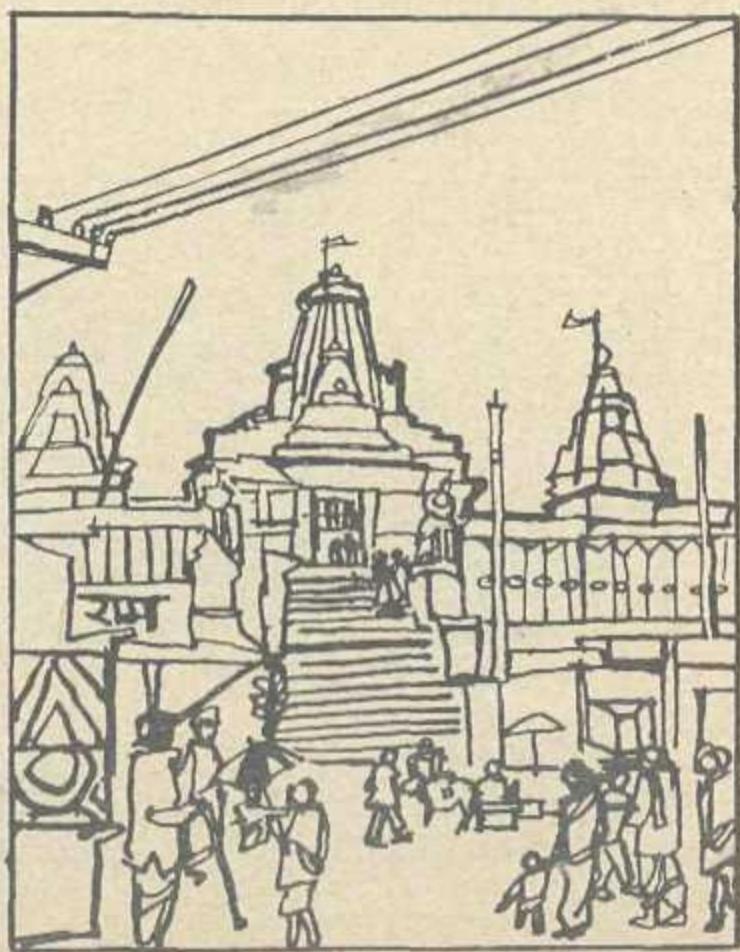
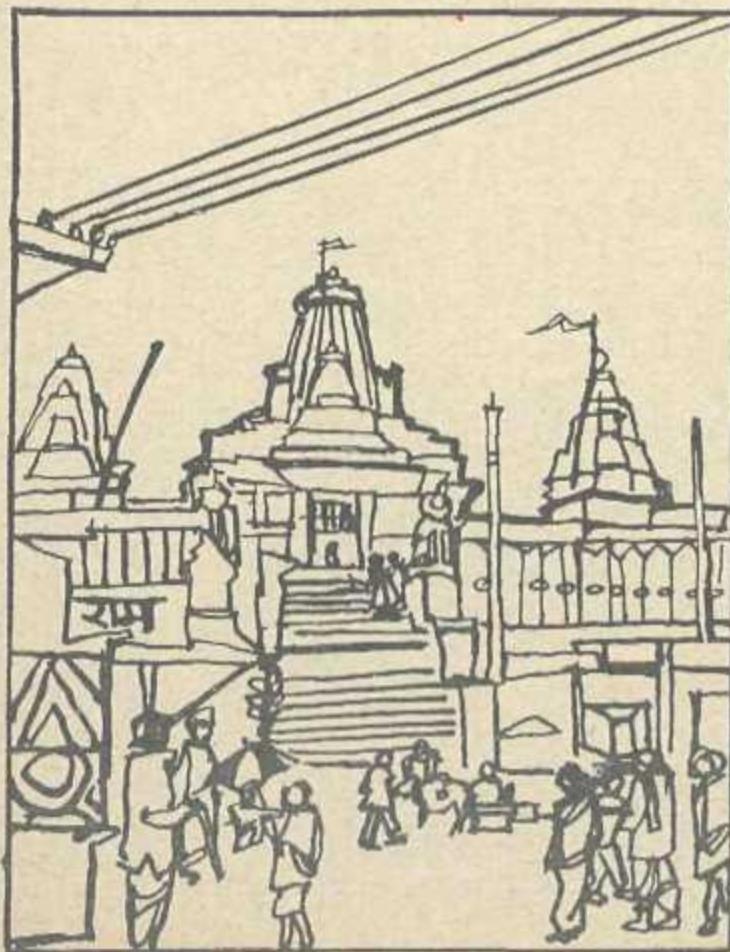
quietly.

But the King treated him with great kindness and respect. Virbhadra himself was delighted to find out that Sujit had not been

killed.

Sujit became the crown prince and Virbhadra remained in the court as the King's advisor.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



SHALA**No Escape from Consequences of Treachery**

Shala was a proud Prince of the Ikshaku dynasty. He was very fond of hunting.

One day he rode a chariot and pursued a deer in the forest. His horses were tired and they could not run fast. But he was not willing to give up his prey.

Not far from the spot where he stood was the hermitage of Sage Vamadeva. The Prince knew that the Sage maintained a pair of smart horses. He went to the Sage and said, feigning humility, "Sir, can I borrow your horses for an hour or two?"

The Sage looked at the Prince and said, "You can, but on condition that you return them to me as soon as your work is done."

"I promise to do so, Sir," said the Prince and he went away with the horses.

He found the horses exceptionally good. They could run at great speed, easily avoiding all the hurdles in the forest. Prince Shala was enamoured of them. He quietly started driving towards his palace at the end of his hunting.

"Hello Prince," shouted a disciple of the Sage. "Don't forget to return the Sage's horses! Please!!"

But the Prince paid no heed to the call. He had hardly crossed the forest when the horses turned into demons and upturned his chariot and killed him.

Needless to say, they were not really horses. The Sage had turned some demoniac beings into horses and kept them.

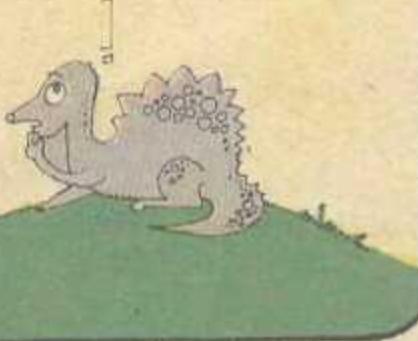
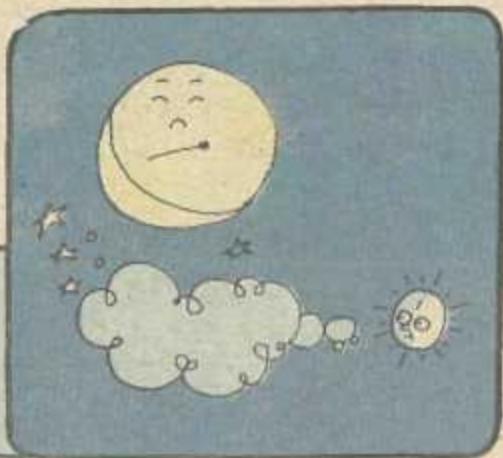




It is so cold at Verkhoyansk in Siberia that boiling water poured from a kettle would be solid ice when it reached the ground.

DID YOU KNOW?

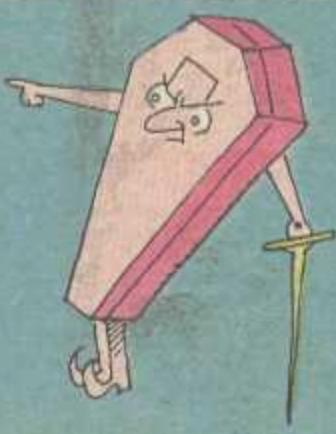
A full moon is nine times brighter than a half moon.



Dinosaurs became extinct approximately sixty million years ago.

DID YOU KNOW?

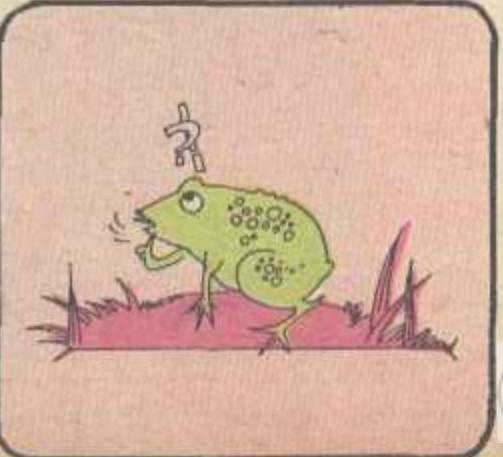
"James Barry" served in the British army for 52 years. Until "his" death in 1865 nobody knew that "he" was a woman!



King Louis IX of France, believed dead of plague in 1244, sat up in his coffin during his "funeral service" and lived for 26 years more during which he fought a crusade!

DID YOU KNOW?

The frog's tongue grows from the front part of its mouth.



COCKSURE?

"Father seems to be cocksure of your accompanying him to Varanasi," exclaimed Rajesh. He was speaking to Grandpa Chowdhury.

"Rajesh, if you say he is sure, that would do. We say cocksure in a slightly derogatory sense—like a game-cock who seems so sure of its strength," observed Grandpa Chowdhury.

"Good God, what a use of the cock!" cut in Reena.

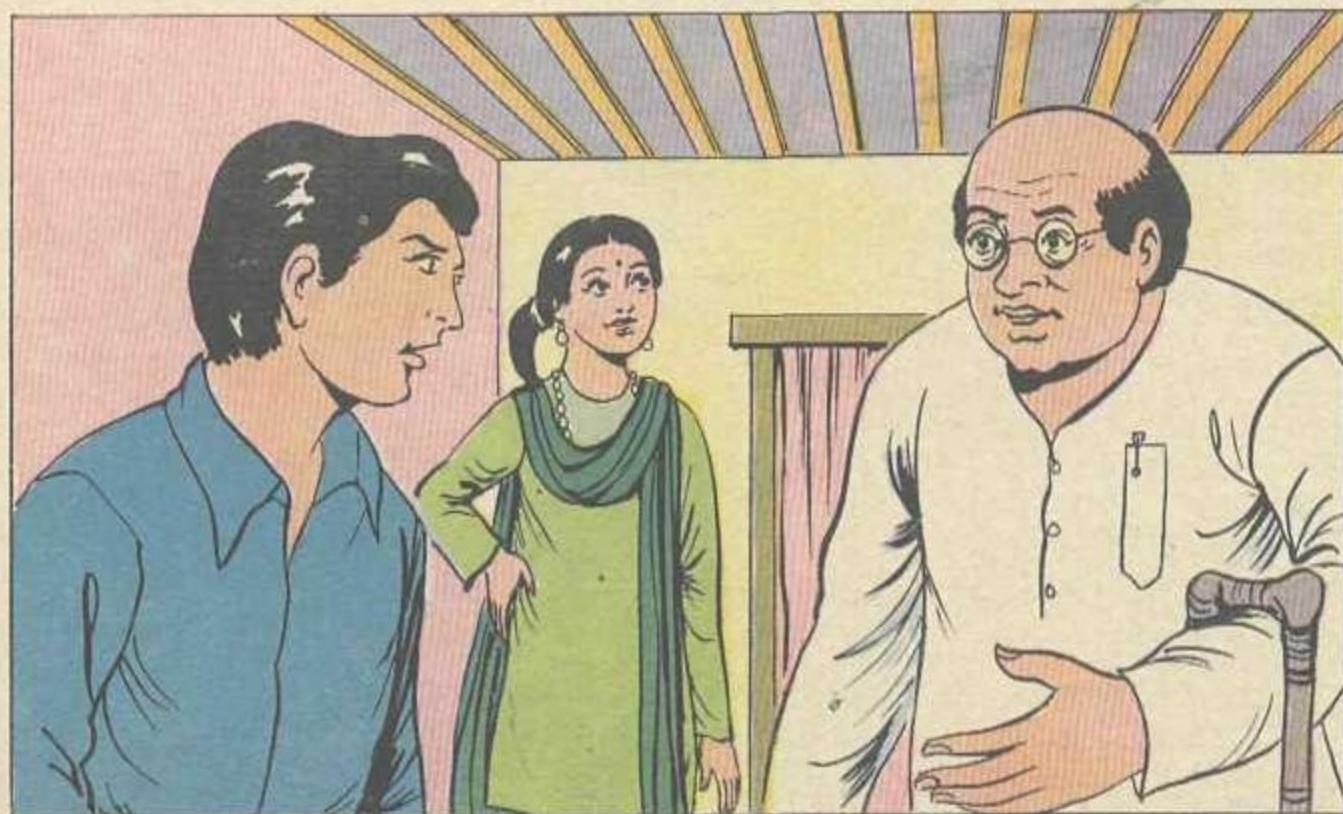
"There are many kinds of use of the cock, Reena, apart from the use to which the cooks put them! To make mention of only a few, *a cock and bull story* is an idle, incredible story. A cockpit, as you know, is the pilot's place in the aeroplane, for some illogical association with the original cockpit where cocks fought!

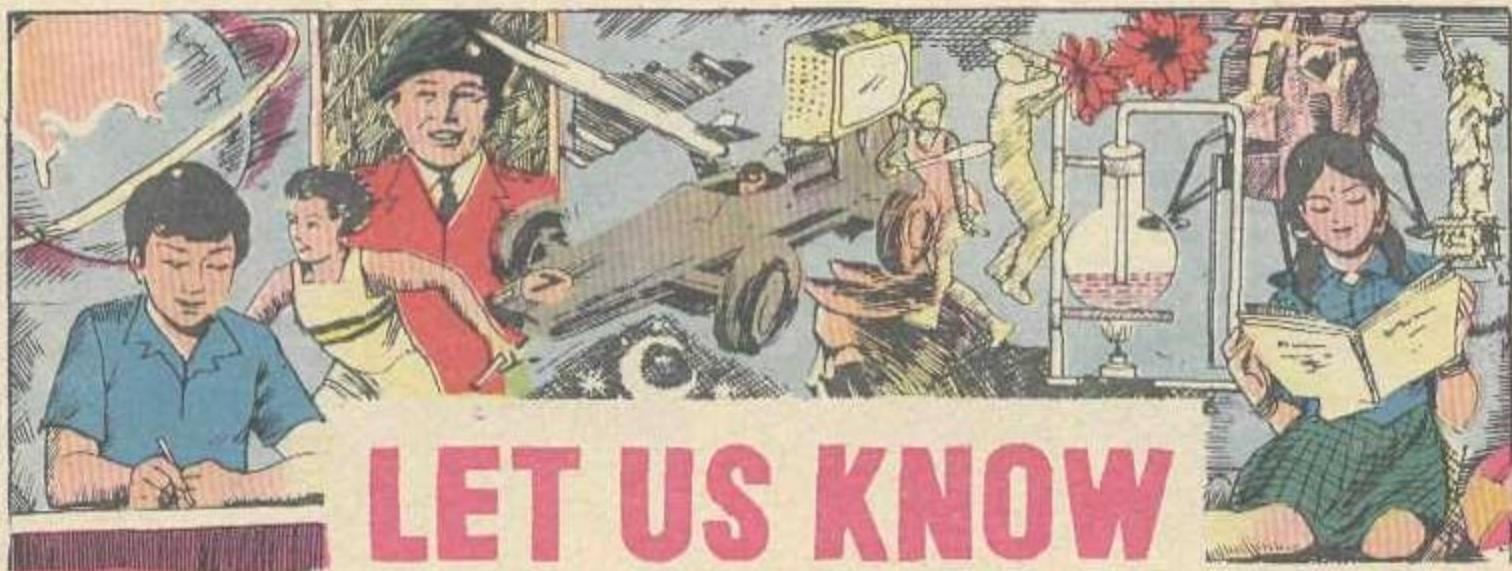
"*To cock the ears* is to turn the ears to listen something with curiosity. *To cock the nose* is to turn up the nose in contempt!"

What does *to cock a snook* mean?" asked Rajesh.

"It means to put the thumb to the nose and spread wide the fingers—a very old gesture of contempt or defiance. *To knock somebody into a cocked hat* means to beat him in a contest of skill. *To cry cock* means to claim victory. I hope, we have enough of the cock today," said Grandpa with a laugh.

"How cocksure Rajesh was of his use of that term!" commented Reena!





LET US KNOW

What is meant by "the Kennedy-Lincoln Coincidence"?

(This question, in different words, have been asked by a number of boys and girls spread over the last two years.)

Kennedy was elected in 1960; Lincoln was elected in 1860
 Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln; Lincoln's secretary's name was Kennedy.

Both secretaries advised their Presidents not to go to the places where they were assassinated.

Both men were shot in the presence of their wives.

The successor of each President was named Johnson—Andrew Johnson, born 1808—Lyndon Johnson, born 1909.

Of the two assassins, Booth was born in 1839, Oswald was born in 1939.
 Both men were killed before they could be tried.

Both Presidents were deeply concerned with the Civil Rights problem of their particular time.

Lincoln and Kennedy were carried to their graves on the same caisson.

What do the letters written before the no. of automobiles indicate?

— Javed Iqbal, Gulbarga.

They stand (in short form) for the names of the places where the vehicles are registered.

Who is the richest man in the world?

— Shankar Maniyar, Kothagudem.

Materially speaking, Mr. Gordon Peter Getty of the U.S.A. who has wealth to the value of \$ 4,100 million.

Spiritually speaking, one who has no wants is the richest person.

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B. VISWANATHA REDDI
Signature of the Publisher

1st March 1987



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



S.B. Prasad

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for January '87 goes to:—

Mrs. Shakuntala, 1899, 9th Main, 31st Cross,
Banasankari II Stage, Bangalore-70.

The Winning Entry:— 'A Warm embrace' & 'A Watchful gaze'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Forget injuries, never forget kindness.

—Confucius.

Knowledge without sense is double folly.

—Baltasar Gracian.

Language is part of a man's character.

—Bacon.



No society gossip,
no sensational blow-ups, yet...

66

**Nearly 70% of
Heritage readers
fall in the upper income group
of over Rs 2000 per month.
Two thirds are male.
The average age is
28 years.**

- from an IMRB survey
conducted in Oct 1986



It's an unusual magazine. It has a vision - for today and tomorrow. It features ancient cities and contemporary fiction, culture and scientific developments, instead of filmstar interviews and political gossip. And it has found a growing readership, an IMRB survey reveals. Professionals, executives and their families, are reading The Heritage in depth - 40% from cover to cover, 42% more than half the magazine.

More than 80% of The Heritage readers are reading an issue more than once. And over 90% are slowly building their own Heritage collection. Isn't it time you discovered why?

CMP 2149

THE
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RAM&SHYAM

PARLE

IN PRESENCE OF MIND

RAM & SHYAM VISIT THEIR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD BANK TO DEPOSIT THEIR WEEKLY SAVINGS, POPPING DELICIOUS POPPINS ON THEIR WAY.

UMMM...POPPINS!

JUST THEN A SCOOTER SCREECHED TO A HALT STARTLING RAM & SHYAM. TWO MEN RUSH INSIDE THE BANK PREMISES AND FIRE GUN SHOTS.



OUR BANKER FRIENDS ARE IN DANGER, WE MUST ACT QUICKLY!

THEY ENTER THE BANK THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.



THEY'RE SHOCKED AT WHAT THEY SEE.

HANDS UP! GIVE US ALL THE MONEY!

THIS CALLS FOR QUICK ACTION!



THEY CREEP UP CLOSER TO THE TWO MEN AND POINT THEIR UNOPENED POPPINS PACKS LIKE GUNS.



CAUGHT UNAWARES, THE TWO THIEVES ARE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH. RAM & SHYAM QUICKLY TIE THEM UP WITH ROPE.



PARLE
POPPINS



RAM & SHYAM, YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB!

SUCH PRESENCE OF MIND.

HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?

OUR POPPINS PACKS CAME TO THE RESCUE!



Lickable. Likeable. Lovable.